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THE MODOCS IN THEIR STRONGHOLD.—[See Page 364.]

AN OLD MAN'S SONG OF MAY.

By R. H. Stoddard.

Can it be that Spring is come?
So the calendar doth say:
March has blustered off, I know,
And wild April soon must go;
Then—oh, then it will be May!

'Twas a merry month to me
Long ago, when I was young;
I have dreams of childish hours,
In the meadows picking flowers,
And of songs the robins sung.

Does the robin still remain?—
One, I mean, that loves and grieves?
And—supposing that I could
Join the Children in the Wood—
Would it cover me with leaves?

Flowers, I see, can still be bought,
And who will may buy, not I:
I want more than these poor flowers—
I demand the dews, the showers,
Wind, and trees, and summer sky!

Why not say, you poor old man,
You demand what is no more?
Were it May, twice over May,
You would still be sad to-day,
For you are not as before.

May is only for the young;
Chill December suits you best:
Fallen leaves, not flowers, for you—
You have nothing left to do:
Make your bed, and take your rest!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 3, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly is sent out gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

It contains, among other features, an entertaining and romantic story by Wilkie Collins, and an illustrated story of intense interest, and presents a rich variety of pictorial and literary attractions.

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"LADY ANNA,"

by Anthony Trollope, author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Orley Farm," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," etc. Few novelists enjoy a wider popularity in this country than Anthony Trollope, and the readers of the Bazar have a rich treat in store for them in the pages of this new story.

LOUISIANA MURDERS.

By the amendments to the Constitution the nation pledged itself, by the Enforcement laws it provided the means, to secure to the white and colored population of the Southern States equal rights and a general tranquillity. To aid in the effort to preserve the peace of the country and give freedom to the colored race the Democratic leaders at the South had plighted their honor, and promised obedience to the law. Many of them have kept their word; others have violated it. And the recent accounts of horrible outrages inflicted in all parts of the Southern States show that with the perjured and unscrupulous portion of the Democracy neither humanity nor good faith is any longer regarded. From Kentucky to Louisiana the whole country seems penetrated by a secret association of the lawless portion of the population, who are bound by no pledges, however solemn, who scoff at the Constitution, and defy the laws. Nowhere except in the States where the Republicans rule is there any safety for life and freedom. It seems a fixed purpose on the part of the Democratic politicians to prevent the restoration of peace at the South, and in this policy they are unhappily encouraged by the Democratic and Liberal Republican leaders at the North. Both hope to keep up their party organization by inciting insurrections in Louisiana, and by charging upon the Administration those scenes of fatal discord which have sprung from their own evil promptings.

That the recent shocking events in Louisiana owe their origin in great part to the intrigues of selfish and cruel politicians in all parts of the country might easily be shown. And if the Ku-Klux association has been able to maintain its existence in every Southern State with even more than its early ferocity, this too is due to the open countenance it has received from Democrats and Liberal Republicans. When Georgia was overridden by the Ku-Klux, and the vast majority of its voters driven from the polls at the last Presidential election, when the opposition ticket was chosen by violence and fraud, every Liberal Republican and every intolerant Democrat expressed unbounded joy. They accepted the labors of the Ku-Klux as their own, and gave their countenance to the league of murderers. At the same time the Ku-Klux in Louisiana renewed its outrages. There too it drove the white and colored Republicans from the polls, scoffed at the constitutional provisions or the Enforcement act, and deprived a large part of the population of their votes. It endeavored to force the M'Enery government, elected by such lawless usurpation, into office; and when it was defeated by the resolution of the honest portion of the citizens, it refused to obey the decisions of the courts, and began an ineffectual rising in New Orleans. M'Enery and Warmoth began a period of bloodshed. They were secretly or openly encouraged by the Liberal Republican and Democratic politicians of the North. Their guilty courage rose, and their latest exploit, or that of their imitators, is the burning of a hundred negroes at Colfax, the murder of as many more, and the infliction of such a calamity upon Louisiana as a generation can scarcely repair.

But the question of permitting disorder and violence at the South must now be taken from the control of cruel and selfish politicians, and be committed to the decision of the whole people. It is a question that belongs to the community, and we believe the community will now sweep aside the frivolous logic of political leaders, the outcries of faction, and the clamors of the unwise. It will proceed to do its duty. The nation is bound by the Constitution to secure the equal rights of the colored citizen in Georgia or Louisiana, to afford security to the white voter, and to repress every lawless association. The Executive is bound by his position to enforce the Constitution to its utmost limit. The people will demand the punishment of every political outlaw, however noted his name, or however he may be sheltered under the patronage of the Liberal Republican or Democratic leaders; and if the Liberal Republicans and the Democrats persist in their alliance with the Ku-Klux association, they will soon be swept away before the general rage of the nation. For we believe it is the intention of the people in every section, with no party distinctions, to insist on the preservation of good order in the Southern States, and to make them all at last the home of a free and prosperous population.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND TEACHERS' SALARIES.

A project seems to be entertained by the new Board of Education to reduce the salaries of teachers in the public schools. Nothing could be more unwise or more hurtful to the future interests of the city. It is a truth that is being slowly recognized in every advancing country that the national school-master is the most important and most valuable of public officials; that his labors gradually tend to reduce the need for police, judges, and even legislators; for prisons and almshouses; and that the best safeguard for the peace and prosperity of every nation is a band of cultivated and industrious teachers, liberally supported by the state. Already the teachers in Europe and America have done more to improve the condition of mankind than any other profession. The public school has taught good order, decency, and self-restraint to millions who must otherwise have lingered in utter barbarism, has softened the rude restrictions of caste, and blended together those who must otherwise have remained divided. The hope of every nation rests upon the public school, and upon the degree of enlightenment it can give to its people. The teacher is the leader of modern progress, and every community now feels his value. Nor has any city profited more largely from the arduous labors of its accomplished instructors than New York, or suffered more deeply from the fact that a large proportion of its people have never in their native land been subjected to the rigorous discipline of the public school.

Yet none of our public officials are so badly paid as the teachers. We are provided with a throng of judges and prosecuting attorneys, police justices and legal officials, commissioners and keepers of almshouses and of prisons, sheriffs, police, and inferior officers, who are all employed in doing the work that might have been made unnecessary by a more searching system of education, many of whom enjoy salaries that would seem the height of opulence to the modest and deserving head of a public school. Some effort has been made to reduce the profits of the ministers of the law. Yet we believe that sheriffs and public attorneys are still allowed to count their gains by tens of thousands, and even the most ignorant police justice is allowed twice the salary of the most gifted teacher. Some trace of the contempt for learning that marked the feudal age seems still to affect legislation upon this subject. The public is more willing to pay to the rude and ignorant official who makes his way to the inferior justiceships through dishonest politics a generous stipend than to one who not only adorns his position by the traits of high cultivation, but is laboring to remove in a great degree the need of a throng of costly officials. Between the salary of the higher justices or that of a public prosecutor or a sheriff and the teachers there can be no comparison. The public has never yet thought proper to weigh the true value of either occupation. Yet it will, no doubt, seem to future ages a striking want of a just perception of the true deserts of either officer to pay a poor compensation to him who prevents crime by moral training, and an extravagant one to him who can only punish it.

We trust that the whole subject of the teacher's merits and of his proper support will be carefully considered by the Board of Education. It should be their first aim to provide New York with a class of teachers unrivaled in any other land. This is the firm foundation of every effective system of public instruction, and the only way in which the public schools can be made satisfactory to all classes of the people. And so far from diminishing, from a false economy, the teacher's salary, we believe that it should be raised to the highest possible point. He should be looked upon as the most valuable and deserving—as he certainly is—of all the public servants. On him, far more than on justices, sheriffs, or police, rests the well-being of the community. And every dollar expended in providing accomplished teachers for our city schools will be repaid tenfold in the diminution of crime and the repression of disorder.

If the Commissioners of Education desire to save the public money, they will no doubt have ample opportunity to do so in scrutinizing the other sources of outlay connected with their department. Economy in this respect would be laudable. But the poor salaries of the male and female teachers should be at once increased as far as possible. Every effort should be made to spread a proper zeal for education among all our people. The best intellects of the country should be engaged in the public schools, and all the highest mechanism of education be applied to the cultivation of the young. To our accomplished teachers we must owe in future the perpetuation of freedom and the preservation of society, and any action on the part of the Board of Education tending to deprive them of a liberal support, or to lower their position in the eyes of the community, will only give satisfaction to the enemies of public instruction, to the foreign Church, the foes of human equality, and the advocates of ignorance.

BAD EXAMPLES.

The vice which most afflicted New York society under the recent rule of corruption was a willingness on the part of reputable men to become the beneficiaries of political leaders who were notoriously infamous. The "respectable" citizen forgot his propriety, the strict church member sometimes laid aside the faintest trace of self-respect, when tempted by the honors and golden bribes of persons who in their public life had been, as far as they dared, traitors, and whose orgies and excesses in private would have startled the companions of Catiline. Of the dark reign of depravity so recently passed away from us we do not desire to recall the details, yet is it necessary and proper to remember that the officials, the judges, the imperious rulers, who robbed the city of New York, and have still escaped punishment, sought to exhaust their resources in riotous pleasures, in license unknown heretofore even to our criminal records; that their fatal example was followed by their clerks and retainers; that our public offices were thronged with gamblers, blacklegs, criminals of every grade; that it was the common belief that whoever ventured to reveal the crimes of our rulers was exposed to the assassin's pistol or the terrors of an unjust judge. Our foreign voters and a ruling sect had imposed upon us a tyranny with whose enormities they were perfectly familiar; nor was there a politician, priest, lawyer, or active citizen who did not know what was the character of every official, or what the private life of the companions of Fisk and Tweed.

Yet, in the face of this guilty knowledge, there were found reputable and wealthy citizens willing to accept office at their hands, and to draw the high salaries and enjoy the opulent ease provided for them by their tempters. Mixed together on the various commissions, persons who were in daily intercourse with the worst of the city rulers, who shared their gross vices and their endless thefts, were interspersed thickly among a group of apparently honorable men who had at one period deserved the good opinion of the community. The rogues were always in the majority, but their reputable dupes or accomplices were not few. Here, at the same board, perhaps, sat a well-known citizen, a banker or a merchant, who had always been supposed to deserve and to desire the respect of the community, and by his side one who came reeking from the abodes of vice to his civic employment, whose thefts were notorious, and whose companions the convict and the traitor. There came to the same meetings to legislate for the instruction, good order, or material improvement of the city the reputable citizen and the noted peculator; and so skillfully were the boards and commissions organized, that the "reputable" citizen was often placed on two or three, from one of which he received an extravagant salary, and in all was expected to obey the rigid dictation of his masters. Nor did he refuse. In all the recent history of our civic disasters this class of "reputable" citizens, who had been tempted and sold to the most infamous, were the most active in defending with insolent assumptions of innocence the crimes of their employers; were loud in exclaiming that the corrupt boards and commissions in which they were engaged were free from reproach; were resolute to cling to their ill-gotten gains and their inordinate power long after their fellow-citizens by a decisive majority had demanded their dismission.

It is not without pain that we are compelled to notice so general a decline in public honesty. Yet we trust that the examples and the fate of reputable citizens tempted and betrayed into evil courses may not be without a good effect upon those who come after them. They evidently believed that "evil communications" had ceased to be powerful to destroy. They set the example to their children, neighbors, friends, of receiving gifts and favors from the vilest of politicians, and of countenancing their profligate excesses. For them nothing is left but repentance and regret, restitution and humiliation, before the community they have wronged. But in that long contest which has just begun in our city between those who would live by the plunder of the people and those who live by honest labor it should be told to every citizen that he who accepts the gifts of a thief is no better than his employer; and upon the walls of every public school should be inscribed the sentence, from the Book proscribed by a single sect, that evil communications are fatal to young and old.

PROGRESS IN KENTUCKY.

A general demand comes from the Southern States for immigrants to till their rich but deserted farms, for capital to develop their mines and build their railroads, and for a perennial stream of skilled labor like that which in a few years has made Wisconsin and Minnesota great and prosperous communities. Nor could any region apparently present more temptations to the industrious settler than that which expands from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. A climate soft yet varied, free from the intense cold that sometimes in the Northern States shuts up the farmer in heaps of snow and ice for more than half the year, a tropical belt where the orange-trees are seldom touched by the sharper frosts of January, might well attract a busy population. There are extensive plantations in Louisiana or Mississippi that might easily be made to produce a fortune to their possessors; there are mines of coal even in Alabama, we are told, that have never yet been explored; Georgia is asking for aid to work its rich iron fields; and Kentucky and Tennessee present wide districts of fertile territory, whose value is well known, but from whose advantages no one ventures to profit. The tide of emigration turns aside from the tempting climate and productive soil. No German colony, no Scandinavian village, springs up on the banks of the Tennessee or in the highlands of Northern Alabama. The emigrant shuns the fated territory. The great army of labor, warned even in Europe of its dangers, passes afar off on the borders of the unprosperous region. The Northern farmer seldom ventures to exchange his bleak homestead in New England for the vast plantation in Alabama, or, if he does so, is soon found retreating, dismayed, from the land of plenty. No capitalist will lend aid to Georgia; no man of letters or of liberal thought ventures to edit a paper in Augusta, or to speak upon progress in the heart of the South. Bankruptcy and ruin rest over the Southern States, while all the industri-

ous portions of the Union are pressing on with unprecedented ardor.

One chief cause of this slow decay of a fertile territory is the lawlessness that afflicts its people, and an act has just been passed through the Kentucky Legislature which is certain to have an excellent effect upon its material welfare. Its aim is to break up illegal associations, and punish the marauders who have so long disturbed the peace of the nation and the State. Of its full particulars we have no exact account; but it is at least the commencement of a reform that we trust will be imitated throughout the South. The people and even the Democracy of Kentucky seem at last to have become conscious that its worst enemies are its lawless citizens; that political intimidation, assassinations, whippings, and threats are fatal to its good name and its prosperity; that to elect Democratic candidates by the cruel treatment of Republican farmers and colored voters is the sure road to financial ruin, and a shame to American civilization. Nor did any Southern State require this protective legislation more urgently than Kentucky. Life and property seem nowhere to have been more insecure. Throughout the years 1871 and 1872, we are told in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, in Franklin County such horrible outrages were committed on white and colored men and women, such incessant interference with the rights of citizens, such wild and dreadful deeds, as even the Ku-Klux of Georgia have never surpassed. In this single county hundreds of instances are given: white families were driven from their homes with pistols pointed at their heads, negroes were whipped, shot, and their families subjected to inexpiable outrages. A State Senator was visited at night and grossly insulted because he had denounced the outlaws in the Legislature; and as recently as February, 1873, within two miles of Frankfort, the Ku-Klux renewed their crimes, broke into the houses of white citizens, and drove off their colored laborers. But if in a single county such utter lawlessness prevailed, it is not difficult to imagine what must be the condition of the whole State, and a plain reason at once appears why Kentucky gave so large a majority for the Democratic candidates.

It is, indeed, remarkable that so little of this general criminality has ever been told. The Kentucky papers have never dared until recently to give the terrible details. Liberal Republican or Democratic, they have all been equally silent. It is only in a Cincinnati journal that the condition of Franklin County could be made known; and it is stated that the Kentucky Legislature has long been prevented by the terrors of the Ku-Klux from passing any law against their outrages. That it has at last ventured to do so shows that its courage is reviving, and that honest Kentuckians are resolved that their fertile State shall be no longer known as "the dark and bloody ground." Their example may well be imitated in every Southern State. In Louisiana a plain usurpation was attempted by driving the colored voters from the polls. It has been overthrown by a painful struggle. Yet Louisiana is clamoring for the aid of foreign capital to renew its levees and revive its agriculture! In Georgia a Liberal Republican majority was swelled to a limitless amount by similar acts of usurpation, and yet Georgia ventures to ask help to develop its iron mines and build its cotton factories. Nor do its rulers see that it is absurd for a community that encourages lawlessness to hope for the confidence of the honest or the aid of the industrious. Nothing can save the South from general discredit and decay but the passage of laws that will insure to all its citizens security and the peaceful exercise of their political rights. Yet the recent assault of the Ku-Klux upon RICHARD WILLIAMS in Kentucky, or the unexampled barbarities in Louisiana, seem to show that only the power of the national government can wholly extirpate the Southern brigands.

THE "ATLANTIC" DISASTER.

PUBLIC opinion will not be satisfied with the result of the investigation at Halifax into the loss of the steam-ship *Atlantic*. It was clearly proved before the Commission that the *Atlantic* was sent to sea with an insufficient supply of coal, the quantity being counterbalanced by its inferior quality; that from the time the ship's course was altered, and she was headed toward the dangerous coast of Nova Scotia, the management was grossly negligent; that Captain WILLIAMS blundered in his calculations on the night of the disaster, and left his post at a critical time, when his presence on deck was essential to the safety of his ship; and that among officers of all grades there was the most censurable absence of the watchfulness which should have been exercised when approaching at night a coast known to be rife with danger, and with which neither the captain nor his officers were familiar. Yet, with these facts clearly proved, the Commission sentence Captain WILLIAMS merely to a suspension of his certificate for two years, while the fourth officer, who neglected to call the captain as ordered, is punished by the suspension of his certificate for three months!

Collector M'DONALD and Captains SCOTT and M'KENZIE, before whom the investigation was held, have not a word to say in censure of the company which sent out the *Atlantic*, freighted with precious lives, with a supply of coal which, even had it been of the best quality, would have been sufficient for a voyage of fourteen days only. But the coal, instead of being the best, was an inferior mixture of Welsh and English, which burned so rapidly that the supply was barely sufficient for a voyage of twelve days. This must have been known to the company, as eighty tons were consumed before the voyage was commenced, and the rate of consumption was thus ascertained. The company knew that the supply was deficient; and to send the ship to sea at such a risk, at the most stormy season of the year, was a crime for which, it is to be feared, existing laws afford no adequate punishment.

The Commissioners seek to justify the mild sentence passed upon Captain WILLIAMS on the ground of "his praiseworthy and energetic efforts to save life" after the ship struck; but the public will hardly concede the reasonableness of the plea on behalf of a man whose conduct, as the Commissioners admit, in the management of his ship during the twelve or fourteen hours preceding the disaster was "so gravely at variance with what ought to have been the conduct of a man placed in his responsible position" as to justify the withdrawal of his certificate. Bravery and energy in the face of disaster may be allowed to mitigate our judgment of the man, but can not atone for the criminal recklessness which brought the ship into peril, and sacrificed over five hundred lives.

PERSONAL.

SOME of the critics of Mr. CUSHING's book on *The Treaty of Washington*, recently issued from the press of HARPER & BROTHERS, appear to be very much scandalized by the manner in which the author treats that august and rather pompous personage, Chief Justice COCKBURN. It has been said that there is a divinity which hedges a king; but we have never heard there was any divinity to hedge an English judge who justly exposes himself to censure. Mr. CUSHING has, we have no doubt, understated the facts connected with the Chief Justice's overbearing and insulting attitude toward our government and its representatives at the Geneva Conference. He might have made a much stronger statement without laying himself open to the charge of exaggeration. At least this is the opinion of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who ought to know.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that the agent of the American Literary Bureau has concluded an arrangement with WILKIE COLLINS for a series of lectures in this country by that popular author, to commence next August. WILKIE COLLINS is almost as well known in America as was CHARLES DICKENS; indeed, it is doubtful whether his novels have not attained a popularity quite as wide-spread as those of "Boz" himself, and his reception by our people can not fail to be cordial and enthusiastic.

—Bishop JANES announced at the recent session of the New York Conference that a wealthy resident of Morristown, New Jersey, who died recently, had bequeathed property worth $50,000 to be used for an asylum for the orphan daughters of indigent Methodist Episcopal clergymen in any part of the world.

—Mr. BENJAMIN MORAN, secretary of the United States legation in London, is said to be one of the most popular men we have ever had there in that capacity. He has occupied this position some twenty years, and is quite too valuable an auxiliary to any minister to be displaced.

—Commodore VANDERBILT is said to be very strongly attached to Staten Island, the place where he was born. He has beautified the old Dutch church, and the cemetery in the centre of which it stands. He has given a fine plot of ground at the old homestead for the establishment of a female seminary, and workmen are engaged in putting it in order. He not only intends to found the seminary, but to build it himself. It is to accommodate one hundred girls. It is to be Moravian, and to be conducted on the model of the famous Moravian school at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The entire establishment will cost about half a million.

—Apropos of the rapidity of change in public life in these days, in England as well as here, it may be mentioned that the person who held the office of Lord Chancellor longer than any other since the establishment of the modern judicial system was Lord ELDON, who occupied that post twenty-four years ten months and twenty-three days.

—Mr. JAMES, the new postmaster of this city, is an old Utica printer, who was conducting a Republican paper at Hamilton, New York, when Mr. LINCOLN was first elected, and left it to take a place in the New York Custom-house.

—WILLIAM F. CODY ("Buffalo Bill") derives his sobriquet from the fact, which is on official record, that he killed in eighteen months 4280 buffaloes, the largest amount of "game" ever killed in the same time by mortal man.

—Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, is about to revisit Chautauqua County, in this State, where he has some property. Mr. O. is the son of the late Sir ANTHONY OLIPHANT, many years Chief Justice of Ceylon. After traveling through and writing books on India and Russia, he became, in 1855, private secretary to the late Lord ELGIN, then Governor-General of Canada, and accompanied him in the same capacity on his embassy to China. After publishing several other readable books of transient popularity, he went to Japan as chargé d'affaires, where he was severely wounded by assassins. Withdrawing from diplomacy, he entered Parliament in 1865, and suddenly resigned in 1868 to come to this country and join the industrial colony in Chautauqua, of which he tired after a year or so, and returned to England. He is a most cultivated and agreeable gentleman, and full of talent.

—In that very college journal, *The Anvil*—the medium through which Dartmouth breathes to the world—Professor TYNDALL is viewed and reviewed, and his character exhaustively mapped out in an article of fifty lines—a definite article: "The attainments of the man himself, and the mere fact that he was a foreigner, the intrinsic interest and beauty of his subject, and the magnificent scale of his experimental illustrations, together with the ingenious advertising of Professor YOUMANS, all conspired to make his lectures the fashion. As a scientific investigator and discoverer he stands high, though hardly in the first rank. As a communicator of scientific truth he is unsurpassed. Personally he is a fluent and agreeable talker upon a wide range of subjects in science, nature, and art; with just an amusing dash of English conceit and ignorance of the un-English world, but greatly interested in our country. Perfectly sincere, warm-hearted, and generous, with none of that petty spite toward rivals which so disgraces some of the scientific celebrities of the day, he is respected and loved by all who know him."

—The Marquis of Hartington did a bit of wit at the banquet celebrating the laying of the foundation-stone of an asylum at Lancaster. In replying to the toast of the House of Commons, he said, "I have heard the House of Commons associated with many singular institutions in this country, but the present is the first occasion on which I have heard of its being connected with an asylum for the protection of imbeciles and idiots."

—What nonsensical things some people do! Here is a Californian, whose title is LICK, who has given $100,000—one half to build a memorial to TOM PAINE, the other half to be spent in lectures and publications to his honor. T. PAINE had certain abilities and some patriotism, but theologically he was a pest, and to set about exploiting him now seems quite superfluous.

—The Duke of Aosta, lately monarch of Spain, on his return to Italy has been granted by the Italian Chamber the allowance formerly given to him as a member of the royal family.

—The venerable Dr. PUSEY, after a period of extreme and alarming prostration at Genoa, has rallied so vigorously as to give hope of restoration to health. The doctor is now seventy-three. At the early age of twenty-eight he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and from that day to the present has been the ablest writer and leader of the extreme High-Church party of England.

—The late JAMES M'CULLY, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a millionaire, had a practical notion of friendship. He left an order upon his administrators to pay to his old friend ROBERT D. CLARK, a dealer in boat stores, the sum of $75,000, "as a token of friendship and good-will." They had been intimate for a quarter of a century, and Mr. M'CULLY always regarded it as a pleasure to aid Mr. CLARK in any way he desired. In April last, it is said, Mr. M'CULLY presented Mr. CLARK with the certificate above referred to, which is signed without a witness, and the only consideration mentioned is that of friendship and good-will. After the death of Mr. M'CULLY Mr. CLARK placed the certificate in the hands of M. W. ACHESON, Esq., who has filed the claim against the estate. The claim is certainly a novel one, and is probably without a parallel in the history of bequests.

—The famous phrase, "By iron and blood," by which BISMARCK first became so conspicuous, was made by him in a speech in the Prussian Chamber in 1862. Said he, "Not through speeches and votes of the majority are the great questions of the day to be decided—that was the blunder of 1848 and 1849—but *by iron and blood*."

—Mr. S. B. CONOVER, the new United States Senator from Florida, is a native of New Jersey, and only thirty-three. He is liberally educated, and started in life as a physician. For three years he was in the army. In 1866, having settled in Florida, he was elected a member of the State Constitutional Convention, was afterward State Treasurer, and since then has been constantly in public life in that State. He was Speaker of the State Legislature at the time he was elected United States Senator.

—M. THIERS will have his little pleasantry. M. DUFAURE, a member of the Deputies, robes himself in a suit which would scarcely command two dollars from any old clo' man in Chatham Street. His rough and ancient-looking exterior gives him an austere appearance, in harmony with his character, and, after a glance at his face and coat, every one will appreciate the *mot* of M. THIERS: "I am very glad to have BARTHÉLEMI SAINT HILAIRE with me, for the austerity of his manner will compensate for the légèreté of M. DUFAURE."

—Earl GRANVILLE made a remark in the House of Lords a few evenings since that raised a smile. It was during a discussion as to the propriety of subjects receiving foreign decorations. Lord HOUGHTON, in view of the approaching Vienna Exhibition, thought that persons should be discouraged therefrom, and wished to know if the Foreign Secretary intended to interfere with the acceptance of such decorations by British subjects. Earl GRANVILLE, in reply, referred the principle of the prohibition to the saying of Queen ELIZABETH, that she did not like her dogs to wear any collar but her own. The same sentiment, he remarked, was repeated in a more bucolic manner by GEORGE III., when he said he liked his sheep to be marked with his own mark.

—Mr. JAMES PARTON says of JEFFERSON that the people he oftenest met approved his course and valued his character. JEFFERSON had few adherents among the rich and the educated. It is only the human race in general that is the gainer by the ideas of which he was the exponent. Classes may be benefited, or may think themselves benefited, by abuses, by privilege, by "protection," by "caste;" and those classes often know enough to flatter and retain the occasional gifted men—the CANNINGS, the PEELS, the HAMILTONS—whom birth, breeding, or circumstances throw in their way. Fair play and equal rights are the common and eternal interest of human nature. No man has ever been so loved in the United States, nor loved so long, as THOMAS JEFFERSON was by those who had no interest apart from this common interest, and no hope or desire except to share the common lot of man.

—Some time ago it was resolved to delay the publication of the people's edition of Mr. CARLYLE's *Life of Schiller* for the purpose of allowing him to make a few additions to it. The volume is now ready for the public, and will be received with interest, as containing the latest literary handiwork of its venerable author. The additions are for the most part embodied in a supplement, and consist of matter translated from the German, giving an account of the SCHILLER family, as well as of much in the early life of SCHILLER himself which has not hitherto been known to English readers.

—A son of the Earl of Orkney is soon to be married to a Mrs. RIDDELL. He is twenty-eight; she fifty-two and very rich; so he is disinclined to give that RIDDELL up.

—M. DORÉ is engaged upon a new work, entitled *Paris*, as a companion to *London*.

—Earl RUSSELL's long-promised book on Christianity is soon to appear. Its full title is, *The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the End of the Council of Trent*. The noble earl has managed to compress what he has to say on this comprehensive theme within the compass of a single octavo volume.

—Colonel FORNEY's exceedingly graphic and interesting *Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Public Men* will be published at an early day by HARPER & BROTHERS. These reminiscences originally appeared in the Washington *Sunday Chronicle*, and for two years formed one of the principal attractions of that journal. The "public men" were not merely those who had distinguished themselves in the halls of Congress, but also those who had attained eminence at the bar, in diplomacy, in literature, medicine, the drama, in journalism, or had fought their way to the front in any of the industries of life. It will be by far the most complete American work of the sort ever published. Colonel FORNEY's long experience as one of the leading editors of the United States, and his extensive acquaintance with public men during his long service as Clerk of the House of Representatives and Secretary of the Senate, coupled with his quickness to appreciate the bright men and bright sayings of his time, fit him pre-eminently for the work he is about to present.

—The Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH has recently been elected a member of the London Carlton Club, and as this is a sort of inauguration into political life, it is probable he will next turn his thoughts to Parliament. As he is a naturalized Englishman, there would be no difficulty in carrying out the idea, and it would not be without advantage. He possesses considerable estates in England and Scotland, is much respected, has ability, and would be able to represent the interests of India when any discussions of importance came on about Eastern questions.

—Lord STANHOPE, who took the chair at the recent annual meeting of subscribers to the Royal Literary Fund of Great Britain, advocated the institution of an order of merit for literary men.

—When our principal warrior, General SHERMAN, was in Europe, he saw some British battle-flags on which were inscribed "Lexington" and "Breed's Hill." They were relics of the misunderstanding of 1776.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York charter, as amended by the State Senate, was concurred in by the Assembly, April 16, by a vote of 109 to 11. It now goes to the Governor for signature.

The New York Presbytery met, April 14, in Dr. Booth's church, in this city. The Rev. Mr. Page was chosen Moderator.

A large portion of the Dwight Cotton-Mills, at Chicopee, Massachusetts, was destroyed by fire, April 14, resulting in the loss of about $750,000.

A terrible accident occurred on the Stonington and Providence Railroad on the morning of April 19. The train which was bound for Providence plunged into the Pawcatuck River, the bridge having been washed away by a freshet. Six of the cars were burned, and as many as thirty passengers are supposed to have been killed, while many were more or less injured. Seven dead bodies have been recovered.

James Grace, the shoe-maker of Cincinnati who, it is alleged, kicked Michael Fox to death for not joining in a strike, has been held to bail in $10,000.

It is said that a number of the gas strikers have abandoned the effort, and petitioned the New York Company to take them back in their employ.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Commissioner for the Court of Inquiry at Halifax in the *Atlantic* steam-ship case has reported his decision in open court, condemning the management of the vessel previous to the terrible disaster, but commending the officers for their bravery during the subsequent hours. The Commissioner recommends the suspension of Captain Williams's certificate for two years, and Master Brown's for three months.

Prince Napoleon has addressed his constituents in Corsica, protesting against his expulsion from France.

Bidwell, the alleged English bank forger, escaped from the prison in Havana the other day, but was soon afterward captured and placed in close confinement.

A riot occurred with the engineers and marines at the Chatham Arsenal, in England, April 15, but the troops speedily quelled it, after injuring several of the rioters.

President Lerdo, of Mexico, has officially announced the prolongation of the United States and Mexican mixed commission.

The Carlists are still active in Spain. It is reported that they have suffered a heavy defeat at San Lorenzo, and many have surrendered to the government troops in the hope of amnesty.

The commander of the German army of occupation gave a dinner, April 16, in honor of the birthday of President Thiers.

The Haytian government has paid $10,000 damages to the United States for the illegal arrest of a consular agent at Mirazoane.

Reports concerning the condition of the Pope are very conflicting. On the one hand he is said to have fully recovered his health, while on the other he is said to have died. A courier has been dispatched from the Vatican for Germany with instructions for the bishops in case Pius the Ninth should cease to live.

The German embassador at Paris has been transferred to London, and General Manteuffel is to take his place.

A rumor has reached London that Sir Samuel Baker, the English explorer, and his wife, have been murdered by the savages in Africa. The story is not credited, however.

Baron Justus Liebig died in Munich April 18, aged seventy years.

THE MODOCS.

FROM the time of LAS CASAS and GASCA, ELIOT and EDWARDS, the most rational and Christian mode of treating that aboriginal race which is swiftly fading around us, like vegetation of some extinct geological era, has formed the subject of the discussions of humane men and generous legislators. Some have been disposed to retain the Indian in his native wild, to fence him round like a herd of buffalo or deer, to preserve him in a spirit of antiquarian ardor, the relic of a forgotten age; some would educate and soften him into a thriving farmer and a busy merchant; others have planned Indian leagues, and the revival of the Natches, or the Six Nations, in some distant prairie; but all these generous and extravagant schemes have been disappointed. The wild blood of the Indian may be tamed into the regular round of civilized life, but it brings with it the element of decay. The Indian reservations are gradually depopulated. The braves who in a happier age would have handled the tomahawk and endured unsparing pains and labors in search of scalps and glory now languish in indolence, and perish at the whisky trader's. Disease, discouragement, the temptations of vicious whites, and the rash impulses of a savage nature defy the humane efforts of pious missionaries and tender legislators, and while a few may be snatched from the surrounding dangers, a sad and inevitable doom awaits the remainder. LAS CASAS saw the depopulation of Mexico and the West Indies; and the sincere desire of New York or Massachusetts to keep in being the lingering life of the Stockbridge Indians or the Six Nations has been wholly without effect.

Once more the untamable fury of the savage blood has been illustrated in the murder of the Peace Commissioners, and like wild beasts granted a temporary opportunity of mischief, the Modocs, thoughtless of the consequences, threw themselves on their victims. They had probably no restraint over their fierce impulse of revenge. They were incapable of seeing that CANBY and THOMAS were their truest friends. They thirsted for their blood like tigers. Yet it is not likely that the Modocs have been without terrible provocations, or that they may not well have been led to look upon every white man as their bitter foe. The conduct of the lawless men in the Western wilderness toward the ignorant and impulsive natives is often a shame to civilization. It can not be prevented, perhaps, yet it should not be overlooked. And while we lament over the fate of an excellent and honored citizen like General CANBY, and of his self-denying associates, we can scarcely wonder at their massacre. They had ventured into the den of human tigers, enraged by unendurable wrongs, and have perished. Their murderers should be punished as they deserve. But the innocent should not be confounded with the guilty. Nor is it the custom of our people to encourage the cry of extermination, or to rush into excesses of severity even in the moment of an all-engrossing passion. Even against such treacherous murderers as the Modocs or their chiefs we are inclined to remember mercy, to spare the innocent, and not to impute the crimes of the few to the multitudes of their fellow-savages. And we believe, could the generous CANBY and his congenial associates rise from their graves, they would be the first to forbid indiscriminate massacre, and to subdue the rage of their avengers.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS.

It is, indeed, one of the most touching traits of the mournful tragedy that its victims went to the interview with strong misgivings that they should never return, and that they gave their lives freely to the cause of mercy. One, at least, Dr. MEACHAM, expressed this presentiment. That General CANBY would labor as heroically in the cause of humanity and peace as he had ever done on the battle-field and in the difficult campaigns, those who knew him will not doubt; and while his country laments over his loss as of that of one of its bravest and most honored soldiers, it will remember with fresh sympathy that he died in fulfilling an act of mercy. It is stated that the whole Modoc tribe consists of only a few miserable men, women, and children; that they hid in the lava caves in terror of their lives, and that with his usual courage, and the generosity of an eminently pure and noble nature, General CANBY exposed himself to the rage of their chiefs, hoping to convince them that some white men at least were their friends, and to save the wretched band of starving savages from utter extermination.

Still the question will arise, What can be done for that varied and tumultuous throng of savages who still sweep over the prairies or hide in the ravines of the mountains? It can scarcely be doubted that in the natural course of events they must pass rapidly away. Yet if they are left unrestrained, and at liberty to indulge the native vices of uncivilized man, they must remain constantly dangerous and destructive. It is the policy of the Peace Commissioners, therefore, to remove the Indians by humane means within a limited region, to shut them out as far as possible from the influence of vicious whites, to try once more the effect of gentle treatment and Christian education upon savage natures, and, in the language of the first pastor of Plymouth Colony, "to convert rather than to destroy." This was the policy inculcated by the gentle ROBINSON upon the Pilgrim Fathers, by LAS CASAS upon the Spanish conquerors, by ELIOT, and by EDWARDS; and we believe it represents the feeling of the whole American community. It will probably be necessary to confine the Indians within a safe district of country, and to afford them every means of acquiring the habits of civilized life. If they can do so, they should not want the opportunity.

The stronghold in which the Modocs were encamped was admirably adapted to their peculiar mode of warfare. The following description, from an Oregon paper, together with the illustration on our first page, will give our readers a clear conception of its character:

"If you can, imagine a smooth, solid sheet of granite ten miles square and 500 feet thick covering resistless mines of gunpowder scattered at irregular intervals under it—that these mines are exploded simultaneously, rending the whole field into rectangular masses from the size of a match-box to that of a church, heaping these masses high in some places and leaving deep chasms in others. Following the explosion, the whole thing is placed in one of Vulcan's crucibles and heated up to a point where the whole begins to fuse and run together, and then suffered to cool. The roughness of the upper surface remains as the explosion left it, while all below is honey-combed by the crevices caused by the cooling of the melted rock.

"From the top of one of these stone pyramids an Indian can shoot a man without even exposing a square inch of himself. He can, with due haste, load and shoot a common muzzle-loading rifle ten times before a man can scramble over the rocks and chasms between the slain and the slayer. If at this terrible expense of life a force dislodges him from his cove, he has only to drop into and follow some subterranean passage with which he is familiar to gain another ambush.

In this stronghold the Modocs were attacked on the 15th of April by our troops under General GILLEM and Colonel MASON. By nightfall they were driven to their camp, after desperate and gallant fighting. The conflict was renewed the next day, when our troops succeeded in cutting off the Indians from the water, while their camp was broken up by shelling. During the night of the 16th they made their escape from the lava beds in a southerly direction, closely pursued by the cavalry. SCAR-FACED

THE MODOCS—MURDER OF GENERAL CANBY AND THE REV. DR. THOMAS.

GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.

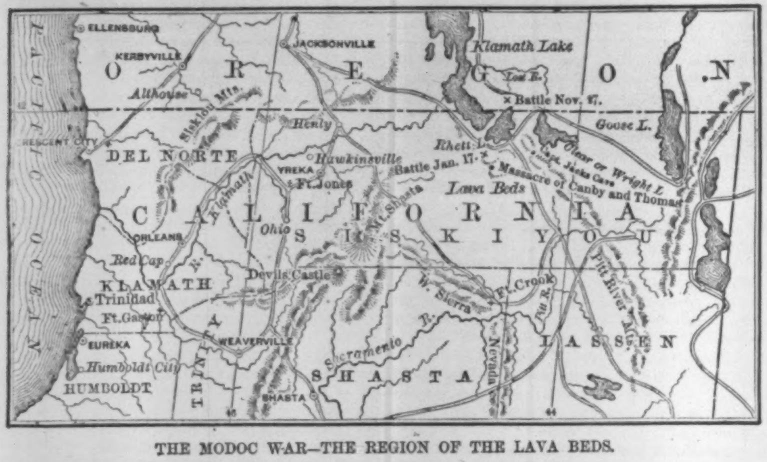
GENERAL ALVIN GILLEM.

Charley was killed, and Captain Jack's medicine flag captured. He himself escaped. General Davis, who succeeds General Canby in command, is an able officer, who achieved high distinction during the war of the rebellion. General Gillem is thoroughly acquainted with Indian warfare, and enjoys the full confidence of the government. We give the portraits of both generals on this page.

The Rev. Dr. Eleazer Thomas, the Peace Commissioner who was murdered by the side of General Canby, was one of the leading Methodist preachers of the Pacific coast, and a man of much ability. For some time he was editor of the denominational paper in San Francisco. His portrait, on page 364, was engraved from the "Centenary Group" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, published by Mrs. C. C. Goss, of this city, which contains the only photographic portrait of Dr. Thomas in existence.

The lower illustration on this page is a reminiscence of the old-time method of treating with Indians, when high officers of government were not ashamed to ply them with fire-water until they were sufficiently befuddled to part with their lands for next to nothing. On page 372 will be found an illustration showing the interior of an Indian wigwam, and the domestic arrange-

TREATING WITH INDIANS IN THE OLDEN TIME.



THE MODOC WAR—THE REGION OF THE LAVA BEDS.

ments usually met with in such dwellings. They are generally of the simplest and rudest character.

The map given with this article shows the location of the lava beds and the region of country for some distance around them. The Modocs escaped in a southerly direction, and at last accounts were making for the hill country, where they may be able to hold out much longer.

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," Etc., Etc.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER IV.

Three days elapsed before Graham again saw M. Lebeau. The letter-writer did not show himself at the *café*, and was not to be found at his office, the ordinary business of which was transacted by his clerk, saying that his master was much engaged on important matters that took him from home.

Graham naturally thought that these matters concerned the discovery of Louise Duval, and was reconciled to suspense. At the *café*, awaiting Lebeau, he had slid into some acquaintance with the *ouvrier*, Armand Monnier, whose face and talk had before excited his interest. Indeed, the acquaintance had been commenced by the *ouvrier*, who seated himself at a table near to Graham's, and, after looking at him earnestly for some minutes, said, "You are waiting for your antagonist at dominoes, M. Lebeau—a very remarkable man."

"So he seems. I know, however, but little of him. You, perhaps, have known him longer?"

"Several months. Many of your countrymen frequent this *café*, but you do not seem to care to associate with the *blouses*."

"It is not that; but we islanders are shy, and don't make acquaintance with each other readily. By-the-way, since you so courteously accost me, I may take the liberty of saying that I overheard you defend the other night, against one of my countrymen, who seemed to me to talk great nonsense, the existence of *le Bon Dieu*. You had much the best of it. I rather gathered from your argument that you went somewhat farther, and were not too enlightened to admit of Christianity."

Armand Monnier looked pleased—he liked praise; and he liked to hear himself talk, and he plunged at once into a very complicated sort of Christianity—partly Arian, partly St. Simonian, with a little of Rousseau, and a great deal of Armand Monnier. Into this we need not follow him; but, in sum, it was a sort of Christianity the main heads of which consisted in the removal of your neighbor's landmarks—in the right of the poor to appropriate the property of the rich—in the right of love to dispense with marriage, and the duty of the state to provide for any children that might result from such union, the parents being incapacitated to do so, as whatever they might leave was due to the treasury in common. Graham listened to these doctrines with melancholy not unmixed with contempt. "Are these opinions of yours," he asked, "derived from reading or your own reflection?"

"Well, from both, but from circumstances in life that induced me to read and reflect. I am one of the many victims of the tyrannical law of marriage. When very young I married a woman who made me miserable, and then forsook me. Morally, she has ceased to be my wife—legally, she is. I then met with another woman who suits me, who loves me. She lives with me; I can not marry her; she has to submit to humiliations, to be called contemptuously an *ouvrier's* mistress. Then, though before I was only a Republican, I felt there was something wrong in society which needed a greater change than that of a merely political government; and then, too, when I was all troubled and sore, I chanced to read one of Madame de Grantmesnil's books. A glorious genius that woman's!"

"She has genius, certainly," said Graham, with a keen pang at his heart; Madame de Grantmesnil, the dearest friend of Isaura! "But," he added, "though I believe that eloquent author has indirectly assailed certain social institutions, including that of marriage, I am perfectly persuaded that she never designed to effect such complete overthrow of the system which all civilized communities have hitherto held in reverence as your doctrines would attempt; and after all, she but expresses her ideas through the medium of fabulous incidents and characters. And men of your sense should not look for a creed in the fictions of poets and romance-writers."

"Ah," said Monnier, "I dare say neither Madame de Grantmesnil nor even Rousseau ever even guessed the ideas they awoke in their readers; but one idea leads on to another. And genuine poetry and romance touch the heart so much more than dry treatises. In a word, Madame de Grantmesnil's book set me thinking; and then I read other books, and talked with clever men, and educated myself. And so I became the man I am." Here, with a self-satisfied air, Monnier bowed to the Englishman, and joined a group at the other end of the room.

The next evening, just before dusk, Graham Vane was seated musingly in his own apartment in the Faubourg Montmartre, when there came a slight knock at his door. He was so wrapped in thought that he did not hear the sound, though twice repeated. The door opened gently, and M. Lebeau appeared on the threshold. The room was lighted only by the gas-lamp from the street without.

Lebeau advanced through the gloom, and quietly seated himself in the corner of the fire-place opposite to Graham before he spoke. "A thousand pardons for disturbing your slumbers, M. Lamb."

Startled then by the voice so near him, Graham raised his head, looked round, and beheld very indistinctly the person seated so near him.

"M. Lebeau?"

"At your service. I promised to give an answer to your question: accept my apologies that it has been deferred so long. I shall not this evening go to our *café*; I took the liberty of calling—"

"M. Lebeau, you are a brick."

"A what, monsieur!—a *brique?*"

"I forgot—you are not up to our fashionable London idioms. A brick means a jolly fellow, and it is very kind in you to call. What is your decision?"

"Monsieur, I can give you some information, but it is so slight that I offer it gratis, and forego all thought of undertaking farther inquiries. They could only be prosecuted in another country, and it would not be worth my while to leave Paris on the chance of gaining so trifling a reward as you propose. Judge for yourself. In the year 1849, and in the month of July, Louise Duval left Paris for Aix-la-Chapelle. There she remained some weeks, and then left it. I can learn no farther traces of her movements."

"Aix-la-Chapelle!—what could she do there?"

"It is a Spa in great request—crowded during the summer season with visitors from all countries. She might have gone there for health or for pleasure."

"Do you think that one could learn more at the Spa itself if one went there?"

"Possibly. But it is so long—twenty years ago."

"She might have revisited the place."

"Certainly; but I know no more."

"Was she there under the same name—Duval?"

"I am sure of that."

"Do you think she left it alone or with others? You tell me she was awfully *belle*—she might have attracted admirers."

"If," answered Lebeau, reluctantly, "I could believe the report of my informant, Louise Duval left Aix not alone, but with some gallant—not an Englishman. They are said to have parted soon, and the man is now dead. But, speaking frankly, I do not think Mademoiselle Duval would have thus compromised her honor and sacrificed her future. I believe she would have scorned all proposals that were not those of marriage. But all I can say for certainty is, that nothing is known to me of her fate since she quitted Aix-la-Chapelle."

"In 1849—she had then a child living?"

"A child? I never heard that she had any child; and I do not believe she could have had any child in 1849."

Graham mused. Somewhat less than five years after 1849 Louise Duval had been seen at Aix-la-Chapelle. Possibly she found some attraction at that place, and might yet be discovered there. "Monsieur Lebeau," said Graham, "you know this lady by sight; you would recognize her in spite of the lapse of years. Will you go to Aix and find out there what you can? Of course expenses will be paid, and the reward will be given if you succeed."

"I can not oblige you. My interest in this poor lady is not very strong, though I should be willing to serve her, and glad to know she were alive. I have now business on hand which interests me much more, and which will take me from Paris, but not in the direction of Aix."

"If I wrote to my employer, and got him to raise the reward to some higher amount that might make it worth your while?"

"I should still answer that my affairs will not permit such a journey. But if there be any chance of tracing Louise Duval at Aix—and there may be—you would succeed quite as well as I should. You must judge for yourself if it be worth your trouble to attempt such a task; and if you do attempt it, and do succeed, pray let me know. A line to my office will reach me for some little time, even if I am absent from Paris. Adieu, M. Lamb."

Here M. Lebeau rose and departed.

Graham relapsed into thought, but a train of thought much more active, much more concentred than before. "No"—thus ran his meditations—"no, it would not be safe to employ that man further. The reasons that forbid me to offer any very high reward for the discovery of this woman operate still more strongly against tendering to her own relation a sum that might indeed secure his aid, but would unquestionably arouse his suspicions, and perhaps drag into light all that must be concealed. Oh, this cruel mission! I am, indeed, an impostor to myself till it be fulfilled. I will go to Aix, and take Renard with me. I am impatient till I set out, but I can not quit Paris without once more seeing Isaura. She consents to relinquish the stage; surely I could wean her, too, from intimate friendship with a woman whose genius has so fatal an effect upon enthusiastic minds. And then—and then?"

He fell into a delightful reverie; and contemplating Isaura as his future wife, he surrounded her sweet image with all those attributes of dignity and respect with which an Englishman is accustomed to invest the destined bearer of his name, the gentle sovereign of his household, the sacred mother of his children. In this picture the more brilliant qualities of Isaura found, perhaps, but faint presentation. Her glow of sentiment, her play of fancy, her artistic yearnings for truths remote, for the invisible fairyland of beautiful romance, receded into the background of the picture. It was all these, no doubt, that had so strengthened and enriched the love at first sight which had shaken the equilibrium of his positive existence; and yet he now viewed all these as subordinate to the one image of mild decorous matronage into which wedlock was to transform the child of genius, longing for angel wings and unlimited space.

CHAPTER V.

On quitting the sorry apartment of the false M. Lamb, Lebeau walked on with slow steps and bended head, like a man absorbed in thought. He threaded a labyrinth of obscure streets, no longer in the Faubourg Montmartre, and dived at last into one of the few courts which preserve the *cachet* of the *moyen âge* untouched by the ruthless spirit of improvement which, during the Second Empire, has so altered the face of Paris. At the bottom of the court stood a large house, much dilapidated, but bearing the trace of former grandeur in pilasters and fretwork in the style of the *Renaissance*, and a defaced coat of arms, surmounted with a ducal coronet, over the doorway. The house had the aspect of desertion: many of the windows were broken, others were jealously closed with mouldering shutters. The door stood ajar; Lebeau pushed it open, and the action set in movement a bell within a porter's lodge. The house, then, was not uninhabited; it retained the dignity of a *concierge*. A man with a large grizzled beard cut square, and holding a journal in his hand, emerged from the lodge, and moved his cap with a certain bluff and surly reverence on recognizing Lebeau.

"What! so early, citizen?"

"Is it too early?" said Lebeau, glancing at his watch. "So it is. I was not aware of the time; but I am tired with waiting. Let me into the *salon*. I will wait for the rest; I shall not be sorry for a little repose."

"*Bon*," said the porter, sententiously; "while man reposes *men* advance."

"A profound truth, Citizen Le Roux; though, if they advance on a reposing foe, they have blundering leaders unless they march through unguarded by-paths and with noiseless tread."

Following the porter up a dingy broad staircase, Lebeau was admitted into a large room void of all other furniture than a table, two benches at its sides, and a *fauteuil* at its head. On the mantel-piece there was a huge clock, and some iron sconces were fixed on the paneled walls.

Lebeau flung himself with a wearied air into the *fauteuil*. The porter looked at him with a kindly expression. He had a liking to Lebeau, whom he had served in his proper profession of messenger or *commissionnaire* before being placed by that courteous employer in the easy post he now held. Lebeau, indeed, had the art, when he pleased, of charming inferiors; his knowledge of mankind allowed him to distinguish peculiarities in each individual, and flatter the *amour propre* by deference to such eccentricities. Marc le Roux, the roughest of "red caps," had a wife of whom he was very proud. He would have called the Empress *Citoyenne Eugénie*, but he always spoke of his wife as madame. Lebeau won his heart by always asking after madame.

"You look tired, citizen," said the porter; "let me bring you a glass of wine."

"Thank you, *mon ami*, no. Perhaps later, if I have time, after we break up, to pay my respects to madame."

The porter smiled, bowed, and retired, muttering, "*Nom d'un petit bonhomme—il n'y a rien de tel que les belles manières.*"

Left alone, Lebeau leaned his elbow on the table, resting his chin on his hand, and gazing into the dim space—for it was now, indeed, night, and little light came through the grimy panes of the one window left unclosed by shutters. He was musing deeply. This man was, in much, an enigma to himself. Was he seeking to unriddle it? A strange compound of contradictory elements. In his stormy youth there had been lightning-like flashes of good instincts, of irregular honor, of inconsistent generosity—a puissant wild nature—with strong passions of love and of hate, without fear, but not without shame. In other forms of society that love of applause which had made him seek and exult in the notoriety which he mistook for fame might have settled down into some solid and useful ambition. He might have become great in the world's eye, for at the service of his desires there were no ordinary talents. Though too true a Parisian to be a severe student, still, on the whole, he had acquired much general information, partly from books, partly from varied commerce with mankind. He had the gift, both by tongue and by pen, of expressing himself with force and warmth—time and necessity had improved that gift. Coveting, during his brief career of fashion, the distinctions which necessitate lavish expenditure, he had been the most reckless of spendthrifts, but the neediness which follows waste had never destroyed his original sense of personal honor. Certainly Victor de Mauléon was not, at the date of his fall, a man to whom the thought of accepting, much less of stealing, the jewels of a woman who loved him, could have occurred as a possible question of casuistry between honor and temptation. Nor could that sort of question have, throughout the sternest trials or the humblest callings to which his after-life had been subjected, forced admission into his brain. He was one of those men, perhaps the most terrible though unconscious criminals, who are the offsprings produced by intellectual power and egotistical ambition. If you had offered to Victor de Mauléon the crown of one of the Cæsars on condition of his doing one of those base things which "a gentleman" can not do—pick a pocket, cheat at cards—Victor de Mauléon would have refused the crown. He would not have refused on account of any laws of morality affecting the foundations of the social system, but from the pride of his own personality. "I, Victor de Mauléon! I pick a pocket! I cheat at cards! I!" But when something incalculably worse for the interests of society than picking a pocket or cheating at cards was concerned—when, for the sake either of private ambition, or political experiment hitherto untested, and therefore very doubtful, the peace and order and happiness of millions might be exposed to the release of the most savage passions—rushing on revolutionary madness or civil massacre—then this French dare-devil would have been just as unscrupulous as any English philosopher whom a metropolitan borough might elect as its representative. The system of the empire was in the way of Victor de Mauléon—in the way of his private ambition, in the way of his political dogmas—and therefore it must be destroyed, no matter what nor whom it crushed beneath its ruins. He was one of those plotters of revolutions not uncommon in democracies, ancient and modern, who invoke popular agencies with the less scruple because they have a supreme contempt for the populace. A man with mental powers equal to De Mauléon's, and who sincerely loves the people and respects the grandeur of aspiration with which, in the great upheaving of their masses, they so often contrast the irrational credulities of their ignorance and the blind fury of their wrath, is always exceedingly loath to pass the terrible gulf that divides reform from revolution. He knows how rarely it happens that genuine liberty is not disarmed in the passage, and what sufferings must be undergone by those who live by their labor during the dismal intervals between the sudden destruction of one form of society and the gradual settlement of another. Such a man, however, has no type in a Victor de Mauléon. The circumstances of his life had placed this strong nature at war with society, and corrupted into misanthropy affections that had once been ardent. That misanthropy made his ambition more intense, because it increased his scorn for the human instruments it employed.

Victor de Mauléon knew that, however innocent of the charges that had so long darkened his name, and however—thanks to his rank, his manners, his *savoir vivre*, the aid of Louvier's countenance, and the support of his own high-born connections—he might restore himself to his rightful grade in private life, the higher prizes in public life would scarcely be within reach, to a man of his antecedents and stinted means, in the existent form and conditions of established political order. Perforce, the aristocrat must make himself democratic if he would become a political chief. Could he assist in turning upside down the actual state of things, he trusted to his individual force of character to find himself among the uppermost in the general *bouleversement*. And in the first stage of popular revolution the mob has no greater darling than the noble who deserts his order, though in the second stage it may guillotine him at the denunciation of his cobbler. A mind so sanguine and so audacious as that of Victor de Mauléon never thinks of the second step if it sees a way to the first.

CHAPTER VI.

The room was in complete darkness, save where a ray from a gas-lamp at the mouth of the court came aslant through the window, when Citizen Le Roux re-entered, closed the window, lighted two of the sconces, and drew forth from a drawer in the table implements of writing.

which he placed thereon noiselessly, as if he feared to disturb M. Lebeau, whose head, buried in his hands, rested on the table. He seemed in a profound sleep. At last the porter gently touched the arm of the slumberer, and whispered in his ear, "It is on the stroke of ten, citizen; they will be here in a minute or so." Lebeau lifted his head drowsily.

"Eh," said he—"what?"

"You have been asleep."

"I suppose so, for I have been dreaming. Ha! I hear the door-bell. I am wide awake now."

The porter left him, and in a few minutes conducted into the *salon* two men wrapped in cloaks, despite the warmth of the summer night. Lebeau shook hands with them silently, and not less silently they laid aside their cloaks and seated themselves. Both these men appeared to belong to the upper section of the middle class. One, strongly built, with a keen expression of countenance, was a surgeon considered able in his profession, but with limited practice, owing to a current suspicion against his honor in connection with a forged will. The other, tall, meagre, with long grizzled hair and a wild, unsettled look about the eyes, was a man of science; had written works well esteemed upon mathematics and electricity; also against the existence of any other creative power than that which he called "nebulosity," and defined to be the combination of heat and moisture. The surgeon was about the age of forty, the atheist a few years older. In another minute or so a knock was heard against the wall. One of the men rose and touched a spring in the panel, which then flew back, and showed an opening upon a narrow stair, by which, one after the other, entered three other members of the society. Evidently there was more than one mode of ingress and exit.

The three new-comers were not Frenchmen—one might see that at a glance; probably they had reasons for greater precaution than those who entered by the front-door. One, a tall, powerfully built man, with fair hair and beard, dressed with a certain pretension to elegance—faded threadbare elegance—exhibiting no appearance of linen, was a Pole. One, a slight, bald man, very dark and sallow, was an Italian. The third, who seemed like an *ouvrier* in his holiday clothes, was a Belgian.

Lebeau greeted them all with an equal courtesy, and each with an equal silence took his seat at the table.

Lebeau glanced at the clock. "*Confrères*," he said, "our number, as fixed for this *séance*, still needs two to be complete, and doubtless they will arrive in a few minutes. Till they come we can but talk upon trifles. Permit me to offer you my cigar-case." And so saying, he who professed to be no smoker handed his next neighbor, who was the Pole, a large cigar-case amply furnished; and the Pole, helping himself to two cigars, handed the case to the man next him, two only declining the luxury, the Italian and the Belgian. But the Pole was the only man who took two cigars.

Steps were now heard on the stairs, the door opened, and Citizen Le Roux ushered in, one after the other, two men, this time unmistakably French—to an experienced eye unmistakably Parisians: the one a young beardless man, who seemed almost boyish, with a beautiful face and a stinted, meagre frame; the other a stalwart man of about eight-and-twenty, dressed partly as an *ouvrier*, not in his Sunday clothes, rather affecting the *blouse*—not that he wore that antique garment, but that he was in rough costume, unbrushed and stained, with thick shoes and coarse stockings, and a workman's cap. But of all who gathered round the table at which M. Lebeau presided, he had the most distinguished exterior. A virile honest exterior, a massive open forehead, intelligent eyes, a handsome clear-cut incisive profile, and solid jaw. The expression of the face was stern, but not mean—an expression which might have become an ancient baron as well as a modern workman—in it plenty of haughtiness and of will, and still more of self-esteem.

"*Confrères*," said Lebeau, rising, and every eye turned to him, "our number for the present *séance* is complete. To business. Since we last met our cause has advanced with rapid and not with noiseless stride. I need not tell you that Louis Bonaparte has virtually abnegated *Les idées Napoléoniennes*—a fatal mistake for him, a glorious advance for us. The liberty of the press must very shortly be achieved, and with it personal government must end. When the autocrat once is compelled to go by the advice of his ministers, look for sudden changes. His ministers will be but weather-cocks, turned hither and thither according as the wind chops at Paris; and Paris is the temple of the winds. The new revolution is almost at hand." (Murmurs of applause.). "It would move the laughter of the Tuileries and its ministers, of the Bourse and of its gamblers, of every dainty *salon* of this silken city of would-be philosophers and wits, if they were told that here within this mouldering *baraque*, eight men, so little blessed by fortune, so little known to fame as ourselves, met to concert the fall of an empire. The government would not deem us important enough to notice our existence."

"I know not that," interrupted the Pole.

"Ah, pardon," resumed the orator; "I should have confined my remark to the *five* of us who are French. I did injustice to the illustrious antecedents of our foreign allies. I know that you, Thaddeus Loubisky—that you, Leonardo Raselli—have been too eminent for hands hostile to tyrants not to be marked with a black cross in the books of the police. I know that you, Jan Vanderstegen, if hitherto unscarred by those wounds in defense of freedom which despots and cowards would fain miscall the brands of the felon, still owe it to your special fraternity to keep your movements rigidly concealed. The tyrant would suppress the International Society, and forbids it the liberty of congress. To you three is granted the secret entrance to our council-hall. But we Frenchmen are as yet safe in our supposed insignificance. *Confrères*, permit me to impress on you the causes why, insignificant as we seem, we are really formidable. In the first place, we are few: the great mistake in most secret associations has been to admit many councilors; and disunion enters wherever many tongues can wrangle. In the next place, though so few in council, we are legion when the time comes for action, because we are representative men, each of his own section, and each section is capable of an indefinite expansion.

"You, valiant Pole—you, politic Italian—enjoy the confidence of thousands now latent in unwatched homes and harmless callings, but who, when you lift a finger, will, like the buried dragon's teeth, spring up into armed men. You, Jan Vanderstegen, the trusted delegate from Verviers, that swarming camp of wronged labor in its revolt from the iniquities of capital—you, when the hour arrives, can touch the wire that flashes the telegram 'Arise' through all the lands in which workmen combine against their oppressors.

"Of us five Frenchmen let me speak more modestly. You—sage and scholar—Felix Ruvigny, honored alike for the profundity of your science and the probity of your manners, induced to join us by your abhorrence of priestcraft and superstition—you have a wide connection among all the enlightened reasoners who would emancipate the mind of man from the trammels of Church-born fable—and when the hour arrives in which it is safe to say, '*Delenda est Roma*,' you know where to find the pens that are more victorious than swords against a Church and a Creed. You" (turning to the surgeon)—"you, Gaspard le Noy, whom a vile calumny has robbed of the throne in your profession, so justly due to your skill—you, nobly scorning the rich and great, have devoted yourself to tend and heal the humble and the penniless, so that you have won the popular title of the '*Médecin des Pauvres*'—when the time comes wherein soldiers shall fly before the *sans-culottes*, and the mob shall begin the work which they who move mobs will complete, the clients of Gaspard le Noy will be the avengers of his wrongs.

"You, Armand Monnier, simple *ouvrier*, but of illustrious parentage, for your grandsire was the beloved friend of the virtuous Robespierre, your father perished a hero and a martyr in the massacre of the *coup d'état*—you, cultured in the eloquence of Robespierre himself, and in the persuasive philosophy of Robespierre's teacher, Rousseau—you, the idolized orator of the Red Republicans—you will be indeed a chief of dauntless bands when the trumpet sounds for battle. Young publicist and poet, Gustave Rameau—I care not which you are at present, I know what you will be soon—you need nothing for the development of your powers over the many but an organ for their manifestation. Of that anon. I now descend into the bathos of egotism. I am compelled lastly to speak of myself. It was at Marseilles and Lyons, as you already know, that I first conceived the plan of this representative association. For years before I had been in familiar intercourse with the friends of freedom—that is, with the foes of the empire. They are not all poor. Some few are rich and generous. I do not say these rich and few concur in the ultimate objects of the poor and many. But they concur in the first object, the demolition of that which exists—the empire. In the course of my special calling of negotiator or agent in the towns of the *Midi*, I formed friendships with some of these prosperous malcontents. And out of these friendships I conceived the idea which is embodied in this council.

"According to that conception, while the council may communicate as it will with all societies, secret or open, having revolution for their object, the council refuses to merge itself in any other confederation: it stands aloof and independent; it declines to admit into its code any special articles of faith in a future beyond the bounds to which it limits its design and its force. That design unites us; to go beyond would divide. We all agree to destroy the Napoleonic dynasty; none of us might agree as to what we should place in its stead. All of us here present might say, 'A republic.' Ay, but of what kind? Vanderstegen would have it socialistic; Monnier goes further, and would have it communistic, on the principles of Fourier; Le Noy adheres to the policy of Danton, and would commence the republic by a reign of terror; our Italian ally abhors the notion of general massacre, and advocates individual assassination. Ruvigny would annihilate the worship of a Deity; Monnier holds, with Voltaire and Robespierre, that 'if there were no Deity, it would be necessary to Man to create one.' *Bref*, we could not agree upon any plan for the new edifice, and therefore we refuse to discuss one till the plowshare has gone over the ruins of the old. But I have another and more practical reason for keeping our council distinct from all societies with professed objects beyond that of demolition. We need a certain command of money. It is I who bring to you that, and—how? Not from my own resources; they but suffice to support myself. Not by contributions from *ouvriers*, who, as you well know, will subscribe only for their own ends in the victory of workmen over masters. I bring money to you from the coffers of the rich malcontents. Their politics are not those of most present; their politics are what they term moderate. Some are, indeed, for a republic, but for a republic strong in defense of order, in support of property; others—and they are the more numerous and the more rich—for a constitutional monarchy, and, if possible, for the abridgment of universal suffrage, which, in their eyes, tends only to anarchy in the towns and arbitrary rule under priestly influence in the rural districts. They would not subscribe a *sou* if they thought it went to further the designs whether of Ruvigny the atheist, or of Monnier, who would enlist the Deity of Rousseau on the side of the *drapeau rouge*—not a *sou* if they knew I had the honor to boast such *confrères* as I see around me. They subscribe, as we concert, for the fall of Bonaparte. The policy I adopt I borrow from the policy of the English Liberals. In England, potent *millionnaires*, high-born dukes, devoted Churchmen, belonging to the Liberal party, accept the services of men who look forward to measures which would ruin capital, eradicate aristocracy, and destroy the Church, provided these men combine with them in some immediate step onward against the Tories. They have a proverb which I thus adapt to French localities: If a train passes Fontainebleau on its way to Marseilles, why should I not take it to Fontainebleau because other passengers are going on to Marseilles?

"*Confrères*, it seems to me the moment has come when we may venture some of the fund placed at my disposal to other purposes than those to which it has been hitherto devoted. I propose, therefore, to set up a journal under the auspices of Gustave Rameau as editor-in-chief—a journal which, if he listen to my advice, will create no small sensation. It will begin with a tone of impartiality: it will refrain from all violence of invective; it will have wit; it will have sentiment and eloquence; it will win its way into the *salons* and *cafés* of educated men; and then—and then—when it does change from polished satire into fierce denunciation, and sides with the *blouses*, its effect will be startling and terrific. Of this I will say more to Citizen Rameau in private. To you I need not enlarge upon the fact that, at Paris, a combination of men, though immeasurably superior to us in status or influence, without a journal at command, is nowhere; with such a journal, written not to alarm but to seduce fluctuating opinions, a combination of men immeasurably inferior to us may be any where.

"*Confrères*, this affair settled, I proceed to distribute among you sums of which each who receives will render me an account, except our valued *confrère* the Pole. All that we can subscribe to the cause of humanity a representative of Poland requires for himself." (A suppressed laugh among all but the Pole, who looked round with a grave, imposing air, as much as to say, "What is there to laugh at—a simple truth.")

M. Lebeau then presented to each of his *confrères* a sealed envelope, containing, no doubt, a bank-note, and perhaps also private instructions as to its disposal. It was one of his rules to make the amount of any sum granted to an individual member of the society from the fund at his disposal a confidential secret between himself and the recipient. Thus jealousy was avoided if the sums were unequal; and unequal they generally were. In the present instance the two largest sums were given to the *Médecin des Pauvres* and to the delegate from Verviers. Both were, no doubt, to be distributed among "the poor," at the discretion of the trustee appointed.

Whatever rules with regard to the distribution of money M. Lebeau laid down were acquiesced in without demur, for the money was found exclusively by himself, and furnished without the pale of the Secret Council, of which he had made himself founder and dictator. Some other business was then discussed, sealed reports from each member were handed to the president, who placed them unopened in his pocket, and resumed:

"*Confrères*, our *séance* is now concluded. The period for our next meeting must remain indefinite, for I myself shall leave Paris as soon as I have set on foot the journal, on the details of which I will confer with Citizen Rameau. I am not satisfied with the progress made by the two traveling missionaries who complete our Council of Ten; and though I do not question their zeal, I think my experience may guide it if I take a journey to the towns of Bordeaux and Marseilles, where they now are. But should circumstances demanding concert or action arise, you may be sure that I will either summon a meeting or transmit instructions to such of our members as may be most usefully employed. For the present, *confrères*, you are relieved. Remain only you, dear young author."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SCOTCH PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR ——, of the medical faculty of the University of Edinburgh, now some years dead, was noted for his miserly habits, though in reality he was a rich man, the proprietor of several ancestral estates. He once observed a Highland student—proverbially a poor set—about to pick up a penny in the college quad, but just as he was about to pick it up the learned professor gave him a push which sent the poor fellow right over, when Dr. —— coolly pocketed the coin and walked on, amidst the laughter of a crowd of students who were watching the scene. He did not always stick at trifles. Going down the crowded street, he saw a street boy pick up a shilling. Instantly the professor chucked it out of the lad's hand, and then holding it between his thumb and forefinger, with his gold-headed cane in the other hand, carefully guarding it, he read the whimpering boy a long lecture on honesty being the best policy; how the "coin" was not his; how it might belong to some poor man whose family might be suffering for the want of that coin, and so on, concluding by pocketing the shilling, and charging the finder that if ever he heard of any body having lost that shilling, to say that Professor —— had got it. "Every body knows me. It is quite safe. Honesty, my lad, is always the best policy. Remember that, and read your catechism well." On one occasion he was called in in consultation with Professor Gregory about a patient of his who happened to be a student of medicine. The day previously, however, Dr. Gregory had called alone, and on going away was offered the customary guinea. This the stately physician firmly refused: he never took fees from students. The patient replied that Professor —— did. Immediately Gregory's face brightened up. "I will be here to-morrow in consultation with him. Be good enough to offer me a fee before him, Sir." To-morrow came, and the student did as he had been requested. "What is that, Sir?" Dr. Gregory asked, looking at the proffered guinea: "a fee, Sir! Do you mean to insult me, Sir? What do you take us to be—cannibals? Do we live on one another? No, Sir! The man who could take a fee from a student of his own profession ought to be kicked—kicked, Sir, out of the faculty! Good-morning:" and with that the celebrated physician walked to the door in well-affected displeasure. Next day, to the astonishment of the patient, Professor —— sent a packet with all the fees returned. It is said that he once took a bag of potatoes for a fee, and ever after boasted of his generosity in the matter. "The man was a poor man, Sir. We must be liberal, Sir. Our Master enjoins it on us, and it is recommended in a fine passage in the admirable aphorisms of Hippocrates. The man had no money, Sir, so I had to deal gently with him, and take what he had; though, as a rule—as a rule—I prefer the modern to the ancient exchange, pecunia instead of pecus. Ha! ha!" He is said to have been the hero of the following story: A beggar seeing him pick up a farthing begged to get it. "Na, na, puir body," was the firm refusal; "fin' a fardin for yersel!" This is not true, however, though the story loses nothing in the exchange of dramatis personæ. Its real hero was a certain noble earl.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"How do you spell Feladelfy?" asked a small city grocer of his partner one day, as he was sprinkling sand upon a letter which he was about to dispatch to the "City of Brotherly Love." "Why, *Fel-a*, Fela, *del*, Feladel, *fy*, Feladelfy." "Then I've got it right," said the partner (in ignorance as well as in business); "I thought I might have made a mistake!"

To keep warm on a cold day the women double the Cape, and the men double the Horn.

A canny Scot, who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a boll of meal on New-Year's Day, officially carried around the ladle each Sunday after service. When the year had elapsed he claimed the meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae wi' the meal," he replied, coolly, "but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'."

A VOLUME THAT WILL BRING TEARS TO YOUR EYES—A volume of smoke.

A Detroit negro prisoner, on his way to the penitentiary for larceny, was asked what he thought of his trial. He said, "When dat lawyer dat 'fended me made his speech, I made shuah I was going to take my ole hat and walk right out of dat co't-room; but when de odder lawyer got up and commenced talking, I knew I was de biggest rascal on top of de earf."

A short time since a colored man entered the office of the clerk of a county court in the West, and advancing to a table where the deputy-clerk was busily engaged, he produced a marriage-license, for which he had paid the legal fee a few days before. "Boss!" said he, poking the license under the nose of the absorbed deputy. "What is it?" was the impatient response. "Boss," continued the darky, "de lady declines dis document, and I fotch it in to git my money back." It was a little consoling to the darky to be told that some men went farther and fared worse; but when assured his money could not be returned, he turned indignantly on his double-soled pumps, and muttered as he made his exit, "Ebery body's gone back on de document."

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

On one of the trips of an Aspinwall steamer the steerage passengers were so numerous as to make them uncomfortable. The sleeping accommodations were aptly described by a Californian, who approached the captain and said, "I should like to have a sleeping-berth, if you please." "Why, where have you been sleeping these last two nights since we left?" "Wa'al, I've been sleeping a-top of a sick man; but he's got better now, and won't stand it no longer."

Have you ever seen a horse *fly*, a bell *pull*, a coal *smoke*, a-bun-*dance*, a rope *walk*, a rail *fense*, a hat *box*, a cow *hide*, a well *sweep*, a watch *guard*, or a whale *blubber*?

A German in Buffalo fell into a beer vat the other day and was drowned. He drank as hard as he could to save himself, and would have succeeded had not a floating cork choked him.

"Beerburg" is what some of the sinful papers of the West call Milwaukee.

A Georgia colored lyceum discussed the question, "Which is the most useful, paper or gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant who spoke as follows: "Mr. President, s'pose dere was a bar at de door, and you was to go dere and shake de paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jess shoot a cannon at him, and see what comes. I call for de question." The president forthwith decided in favor of powder.

When does a chair dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

"There is the horse," said a Kentucky teacher. "What an impressive name! How much better than if Adam had called it a rose or a stone! When we hear the word 'horse' it brings the animal right before us!"

February is called the German month because there is a "*bruary*" in it.

There was great delicacy in the manner in which a foreigner, having a friend hung in this country, broke the intelligence to his relations on the other side of the water. He wrote as follows: "Your brother had been addressing a large meeting of citizens, who had manifested the deepest interest in him, when the platform upon which he stood being, as was subsequently ascertained, very insecure, gave way, owing to which he fell and broke his neck!"

STRAIGHTENING THE CROOKED TREE.

ONE of the most remarkable and encouraging features attending the emancipation of the colored race in our Southern States is the eagerness to learn displayed from the earliest moment of freedom. Old and young crowded to the schools opened for the benefit of the freedmen; and it was not uncommon to see men and women who had nearly reached the allotted term of life poring over the spelling-book with all the eager interest of children.—Slowly and painfully, against every kind of discouragement, they would master the A, B, C, and learn to pick out simple words, until they could read in the book, which thousands of them knew already by heart, the Bible. The younger learned readily, not only to read but to write, and to comprehend the elementary principles of arithmetic.

Our illustration on this page shows a simple-hearted old colored woman poring intently over the alphabet, and trying to master its difficult mysteries, while her young instructor leans on her shoulder ready to assist and explain. The poor old woman may never be able to do more than painfully spell out a few sentences in her Bible, but even this will be a comfort and consolation in her declining years.

STRAIGHTENING THE CROOKED TREE.—[DRAWN BY R. N. BROOKE.]

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

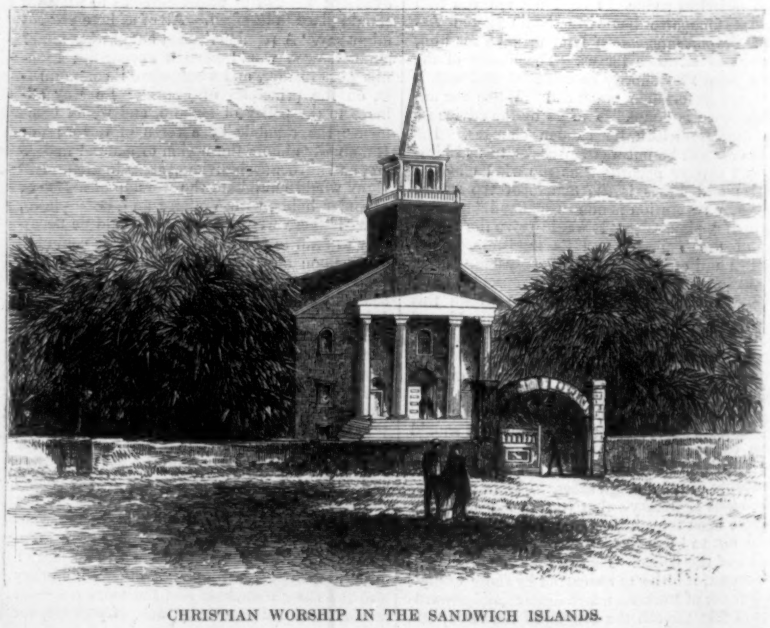
IT is now a little more than half a century since the first American missionaries planted the institutions of Christianity and civilization in the Sandwich Islands. Forty-two years had elapsed since the discovery of those islands by Captain COOK, yet the old idolatry, formally abolished the previous year by a decree of KAMEHAMEHA II., still held its own among the natives, and flourished side by side with the most virulent vices of civilized nations. There was no written language, and, of course, no education. The land was divided among the king and the great chiefs, and the people were slaves. "The nation was composed," says Dr. ANDERSON, "of thieves, drunkards, and debauchees. Constitutions, laws, courts of justice, there were none, and no conception of such things in the native mind. Property, life, every thing, was in the hands of irresponsible chiefs."

The advent of the zealous and indefatigable missionaries soon produced a marked change in the aspect of affairs throughout the islands. The king was well disposed toward the men who had come, impelled by a truly Christian spirit, to work the regeneration of his people. Under their instructions many of the chiefs and their followers were converted to Christianity. Law and order, and the social and industrial features of true civilization, gradually supplanted heathenish barbarity. The conquest was not achieved without a severe struggle. Foreign powers interfered; the irruption of large bodies of vicious sailors frequently checked the progress of the good work. But the missionaries were not to be dismayed; and on the death of KAMEHAMEHA II., in 1824, they found a fast friend and supporter in his successor, KAMEHAMEHA III., who chose his principal counselors from among those who were connected with the missions.

Meanwhile the language had been reduced to writing; schools and churches had sprung up all over the islands; courts of justice were established; court-houses, prisons, roads, and bridges built. Gradually the people accustomed themselves to the European costume, in place of the scanty native dress. Children thronged the school-houses, the churches were filled every Sunday with interested, attentive, and intelligent audiences. Twenty years had scarcely elapsed from the time the missionaries began their philanthropic labors before the king gave his people a written constitution, which recognized the principles of Christianity as the foundation of the government. The literature of the islands is now quite extensive, embracing a very considerable range of science, belles-lettres, and religious instruction.

It has become the silly fashion of late to sneer at the labors of the missionaries in these islands, and to point to the decreasing population as an evidence that the natives were better off under the old régime of barbarism and idolatry. Surely nothing could be more unjust. But for the ameliorations wrought by these zealous apostles of a Christian civilization the native population would, in all probability, have decreased with still greater rapidity, while the survivors would have sunk lower and lower in the scale of barbarism. The missionaries brought them not only the knowledge of religious truth, but a material, social, and civil prosperity which otherwise they would never have seen. The two illustrations which we place side by side on this page tell the story. The church and the school-house, the highest exponents of civilization, have supplanted the idol-house and every other symbol of heathen barbarism. This great moral and social revolution is entirely the work of the missionaries. It is true that many churches and school-houses are empty, that in others worshipers and scholars are few; but they have served a good purpose, and the labor that planted them was not thrown away.

IDOL WORSHIP IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.



CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

SANTA CRUZ OR CASTELAR.

THE Carlist invasion of Spain has already assumed the aspect of an ultramontane crusade. It has been stained with such fearful atrocities as Europe has scarcely seen since the days of DOMINIC and LOYOLA. Its chief leader is the cura SANTA CRUZ, a priest who has won a terrible renown by his unsparing cruelty. Hiding with his devoted followers amidst the mountains and forests of the Basque Provinces, he has baffled the pursuit of the regular soldiers, shot them down from behind rocks and trees, and driven them back to the plains. Aided apparently by secret allies in France, the warlike priest has never wanted men or money; he assails the Spanish republicans with all the rancor of religious hate, and massacres them without mercy. One of his chief aims seems to be to destroy the railway communications between Madrid and the North. He burns bridges, tears up rails, shoots down conductors and passengers together, and has issued orders to the station-masters to suffer no train to pass, at the peril of their lives. It was but the other day that this fearful priest resolved to destroy a train from Madrid. He took up several of the rails, and waited in ambush with his followers for the event. The engine ran off the track, the cars were dashed against each other, the engineer and several others were killed, and in the midst of the horrors of the scene the cowardly assailants sprang from their hiding-place and began to fire upon the passengers. A stoker was mortally wounded. Fortunately an escort of thirty soldiers who were on the train, aided by the passengers, drove off the cura and his banditti, or a scene of frightful massacre and robbery must have followed.

As might well be supposed, the atrocities of the cura and his allies among the Spanish priests have awakened the intense indignation of the people. In many of the towns no priest ventures to appear in the streets. At Barcelona the churches are generally closed, and the clergy are menaced with severities which are probably not altogether undeserved. The Jesuits have been expelled from their fine college at Salamanca, and the majority of the priesthood are looked upon as traitors who are plotting to restore the BOURBONS, and throw back Spain into its early barbarism. Under the republicans and the liberals, the nation of brigands and beggars has felt the reviving influence of modern progress. Schools have been established to educate a population of which four-fifths can neither read nor write, railroads have been built, religious toleration introduced, and a Protestant pulpit and press invited to Madrid. The people are being slowly taught that brigandage is destructive to the prosperity of the community, and beggary a public shame. Spain, too, abounds in eminent public men, cultivated, learned, and honest, who have placed themselves in the front of the national progress, and whose genius and virtue have won the respect of their countrymen, who have the control of the government and the confidence of every intelligent Spaniard, who

SANTA CRUZ OR CASTELAR—REVIEW OF CARLIST VOLUNTEERS.

have proclaimed the republic and made Spain free. Yet, should the Carlists and the priests succeed in tneir murderous invasion, Protestantism, progress, and republicanism will be overwhelmed in seas of blood. The example of Santa Cruz and his allies will be closely followed in Madrid or Cadiz. A priestly despotism will rule once more over the peninsula; bankruptcy, ruin, poverty, shame, will be the fate of the fallen nation; and in the midst of the boundless wealth of nature the Spaniards will remain too ignorant to profit from its advantages, too indolent to grasp the ease and opulence that lie before them.

To hasten the ruin of Spain the papal followers are laboring with untiring zeal. In England a Catholic club, whose president is the notorious Sir George Bowyer, holds public meetings to furnish aid to Santa Cruz and his sanguinary troops. Paris has its Carlist association, composed of ultramontanes of high rank. From Bayonne, in France, the Spanish priests have gathered their recruits, and it is stated that many of the young French nobles may be found in the ranks of the Carlists. It is suspected that even the pilgrims to Lourdes may not be without their political designs. The Pope is the well-known friend of Isabella and the Bourbons, nor has one word of disapprobation escaped from the lips of the infallible head of the papacy against those priests who have disgraced human nature by their barbarities in Spain, whose followers rob friend and foe, and shoot down harmless passengers on the railway trains. We do not believe that the more intelligent clergy of Spain can be led to share in such cruelties, but should the ultramontanes succeed in overthrowing the republic, moderate men will be cast aside, and the violent and fanatical rule. We should have once more in Europe the spectacle of a nation governed by Bourbons, and closed to the light of modern progress. Nor, should they conquer Spain, would it be long before the ultramontanes would plot rebellion in Italy, and shake the peace of Europe.

As yet they have made no important conquests. Pampeluna still holds them in check, and Barcelona inflicts new severities on the priesthood. The conspirators are still confined to the neighborhood of the Pyrenees. But it is said that their emissaries are tempting the officers of the army, and that the priests are active in almost every Spanish province. The strength of the republic lies alone in the fact that it embraces nearly all the intelligence of the nation. If this intellect be well directed, Spain will be free. Nor is there any other country that could profit so largely from a patriotic government and a united people. In mineral resources, we are assured by Liebig, Spain is still the wealthiest country of Europe. Iron, lead, coal, abound in its mountains; it has all the elements of a great manufacturing nation; its fertile soil and limitless productiveness still remain as potent to sustain a large population as when the Moorish princes founded the splendors of Cordova and Seville. It lies in the path of commerce, and its tenantless ports might readily be made once more the centre of an opulent trade. It was the rule of bigoted priests that reduced Spain from an unequaled prosperity to beggary and dependence, that destroyed the Jews and the Moors, the rich agriculture of Andalusia, and the commerce of Cadiz. In the suppression of the priestly power the liberals of Spain see the only hope of deliverance for their country—of the destruction of that principle of isolation which has shut them out from the general tide of European progress. Yet, whatever may be the result of the struggle between the humane and eloquent Castelar and the merciless Santa Cruz, between republicanism and despotism, between the spirit of modern progress and the spirit of Loyola, between the priests and the people, there can be no doubt that Spain within the past twenty or thirty years has made no slight advance, that education is extending, and knowledge softening the rudeness of its people, and that its immense natural wealth and commercial advantages must at last maintain in ease a free and cultivated community.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

Mrs. Cinqmars entreated her new friends to stay to dinner. There were a great many people going to stay—really pleasant people. Mr. Burjoyce, the fashionable novelist; and Mr. Macduff, the Scotch landscape painter, whose "Ben Lomond" was one of the pictures of the year; and Lord Paulyn had promised to stay if they would stay, whereby it would be peculiarly cruel of them to depart. But Mrs. Chevenix was inflexible; she was not going to make herself cheap in society which she felt to be second-rate, however cool the Champagne cup, however soft the sward on which she trod.

"You are very good," she said, "but it is quite impossible. We have engagements for this evening."

Lord Paulyn hereupon began to talk of the Derby.

"I want to get up a party, Mrs. Cinqmars," he said, "or you shall get it up if you like, as you're a top-sawyer at that kind of thing. Suppose I lend you my drag, and you can ask Mrs. Chevenix and Miss Luttrell and myself, and a few other nice people; and Cinqmars and I will tool you there and back, eh? Wouldn't that be rather jolly?"

Mrs. Cinqmars opined that it would be charming, if dear Mrs. Chevenix would go.

Dear Mrs. Chevenix beheld a prospect of being choked with dust and blinded by a blazing sun, or chilled to the marrow by an east wind, and was not elated. And, after all, it might be almost wiser to let Elizabeth go to the races with this rather fast Mrs. Cinqmars, without the restraint of any sterner chaperon. It might bring matters to a crisis.

"He can't propose to her if I'm always at her elbow," thought the sagacious matron. "I am hardly equal to the fatigue of a Derby-day," she said; "but if Mrs. Cinqmars would not think it too much trouble to take care of Elizabeth—"

Mrs. Cinqmars protested that she would be charmed with such a charge. Elizabeth's eyes sparkled: a race-course was still an unknown pleasure, one of the many mysteries of that brilliant world which she desired to know by heart before she bade her long good-by to it.

So after a little discussion it was settled that Miss Luttrell was to go to Epsom in the drag with Mrs. Cinqmars.

"But I must see you between this and to-morrow week," exclaimed that lady, who, perceiving in which quarter the wind lay, was resolved to make the best of the situation, and establish herself in the good graces of the future Viscountess. "I have a carpet-dance on Friday evening; you really must come to me, Mrs. Chevenix. Now pray don't say you are full of engagements for Friday night."

"We are to dine in the Boltons," hesitated Mrs. Chevenix. "We might possibly—"

"Drive on here afterward," cried Mrs. Cinqmars; "of course you could. Remember you are to be with me on Friday, Lord Paulyn."

"I shall certainly come if—"

"If Miss Luttrell comes. It's really too bad of you to make me feel how little weight *my* influence has. Good-by, if you positively won't stay to dinner. I must go and say good-by to those blue-and-white young ladies yonder."

And with a sweeping Continental courtesy Mrs. Cinqmars flitted away in her befrilled-muslin draperies, and wonderful cherry-colored satin petticoat with its organ-pipe flutings and flying ebon tresses—a figure out of a fashion plate.

"I've told Captain Callender to drive the drag home," said the Viscount; "I thought perhaps you'd be charitable enough to give me a seat in your brougham, Mrs. Chevenix."

The third seat in Mrs. Chevenix's brougham was entirely at his disposal—not a very roomy seat. He was carried back to town half smothered in silk and muslin, but very well contented with his position nevertheless.

"Are you going to some very tremendous set-out this evening?" asked Lord Paulyn, as they drove homeward.

"We are not going out at all, only I didn't feel inclined to accept Mrs. Cinqmars's invitation; so I had recourse to a polite fiction," answered Mrs. Chevenix.

"And I am particularly engaged to finish that novel in which you interrupted me so ruthlessly this morning," said Elizabeth.

"But the novel need not prevent your dining with us this evening, if you have no better engagement," rejoined Mrs. Chevenix.

"If I have no better engagement! As if I could have a better engagement."

"You might have a better dinner, at any rate. I can only promise you our every-day fare," answered the matron, secure in the possession of a good cook. She had made a mental review of her dinner before hazarding the invitation: spring soup, a salmon-trout, an infantine shoulder of lamb, a sweet-bread, a gooseberry tart, and a Parmesan omelet. He would hardly get a better dinner at his club, and had doubtless seen many a worse at Ashcombe.

"I should like to come of all things," said the Viscount. "And if you'd like to hear Patti this evening, I'll send my man to Bow Street for a box while we dine," he added to Elizabeth.

To that young lady the Italian Opera-house was still a scene of enchantment.

"I can not hear Patti too often," she said; "I should like to carry away the memory of her voice when I turn my back upon the world."

"Turn your back upon the world!" echoed Lord Paulyn. "What do you mean by that? You're not thinking of going into a convent, are you?"

"She is thinking of nothing so foolish," said Mrs. Chevenix, hastily.

"No; but the world and I will part company when I go back to Devonshire."

"Oh, but you're not going back in a hurry. You must stop for Goodwood, you know. She must stop for Goodwood, mustn't she, Mrs. Chevenix?"

"I should certainly like to take her down to Brighton for the Goodwood week."

"Yes, and I would have the drag down, and drive you backward and forward."

"My holiday must come to an end before July," said Elizabeth; and then, turning to her aunt, she said, almost sternly, "You know, aunt, there is a reason for my going back soon."

"I know of no reason but your own whims and follies," exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, impatiently; "and I know that I made all my arrangements for taking you back to Devonshire early in the autumn, and not before that time."

Elizabeth's smooth young brow darkened a little, and she was silent for the rest of the drive; but this was not the first indication of a temper of her own with which the damsel had favored Lord Paulyn, and it by no means disenchanted him. Indeed, by a strange perversity, he liked her all the better for such evidences of high spirit.

"I shall find out the way to break her in when once she belongs to me," he thought, coolly.

The little dinner in Eaton Square South went off very gayly. Elizabeth had recovered her serenity, and was elated by the idea of a night with Patti and Mozart. She went to the piano and sang some of the airs from *Don Giovanni* while they were waiting for dinner; her fresh young mezzo-soprano sounding rich and full as the voices of the thrushes and blackbirds in the grounds of the Rancho. She was full of talk during dinner; criticised Mrs. Cinqmars and the Rancho with a little dash of cynicism; was eager for information upon the probabilities of the Derby, and ready to accept any bets which Lord Paulyn proposed to her; and she seemed to have forgotten the very existence of such a place as Hawleigh.

Yet after the opera that night there was a little recrimination between the aunt and niece; there had been no time for it before.

"I hope you have enjoyed your day and evening, Lizzie," said Mrs. Chevenix, as the girl flung off her cloak, and seated herself upon a sofa in her aunt's dressing-room with a weary air. "I'm sure you have had attention and adulation enough this day to satisfy the most exacting young woman."

"I hardly know what you understand by attention and adulation. If I have had any thing of the kind, it has all been from one person. Lord Paulyn has not allowed me to say half a dozen words to any one but himself; and as his ideas are rather limited, it has been extremely monotonous."

"I should have supposed Lord Paulyn's attentions would have been sufficient for any reasonable young woman."

"Perhaps. If she happened to be disengaged, and wished to secure him for her husband. Not otherwise. And that reminds me of something I wanted to say to you, auntie: you must remember my asking you to tell Lord Paulyn of my engagement to Mr. Forde."

"Yes, I remember something of the kind."

"But you have not told him."

"No, Elizabeth, I have not," replied the matron, busy taking off the various bracelets in which she was wont to fetter herself as heavily as an apprehended house-breaker, and with her eyes bent upon her work. "There are limits even to my forbearance; and that I should introduce you to society, to *my* friends, with that wretched engagement stamped upon you—labeled, as it were, like one of the pictures in the Academy—is something more than I could brook. I have not told Lord Paulyn, and I tell you frankly that I shall not waste my breath in announcing to any one an engagement which I do not believe will ever be fulfilled."

"What!" cried Elizabeth, starting from her half-recumbent attitude, and standing tall and straight before the audacious speaker. "What! Do you think that I would jilt him, that after having pined and hungered for his love I would wantonly fling it away? Yes, I will speak the truth, however you may ridicule or despise me. I loved him with all my heart and soul for a year before he told me that my love was not all wasted anguish. I was breaking my heart when he came to my rescue, and translated me from the lowest depths of despondency to a heaven of delight. Do you think that after I have suffered so much for his sake I would trifle with the treasure I have won?"

"Please don't stand looking at me like Miss Bateman in *Leah*," said Aunt Chevenix, with an ease of manner which was half assumed. "I think you are the most foolish girl it was ever my misfortune to be connected with, and I freely admit that it is hardly safe to speculate upon the conduct of such an irrational being. But I will nevertheless venture to prophesy that you will not marry your curate, and that you will marry some one a great deal better worth having."

"I will never see Lord Paulyn again. I will go back to Hawleigh to-morrow," said Elizabeth.

"Do just as you please," replied Mrs. Chevenix, coolly, knowing that opposition would only inflame the damsel's pride.

"Or, at any rate, I shall tell Lord Paulyn of my engagement."

"Do, my dear. But as he has never spoken of his regard for you, the information may appear somewhat gratuitous."

Elizabeth stood before her silent, lost in thought.

To turn and fly would be the wisest, safest course. She felt that her position was a false one; dangerous even, with some small danger; that Lord Paulyn's attentions, commonplace as they might be, were attentions she, Malcolm's plighted wife, had no right to receive. She knew that all these garish pleasures and dissipations which occupied her mind from morning till night were out of harmony with the life she had chosen; the fair calm future which she dreamed of sometimes, after falling asleep worn out by the day's frivolous labors. But to go back suddenly, after it had been arranged that she should remain with her aunt at least a month longer, was not easy. There would be such wonderment on the part of her sisters, so many questions to answer. Even Malcolm himself would be naturally surprised by her impetuosity, for in her very last letter she had carefully explained to him the necessity for her visit being extended until the second week in June.

No, it was not easy to return to the shelter of Hawleigh Vicarage; and, on the other hand, there was her unsatisfied curiosity about the Derby—that one peculiar pleasure of a great race which had been described to her as beyond all other pleasures. Better to drain the cup to satiety, so that there might be no after-longings. She would take care to give the Viscount no encouragement during the remainder of her brief career; she would snub him ruthlessly, even though he were a being somewhat difficult to snub. So she resolved to stay, and received her aunt's pacific advances graciously, and went to bed and dreamed of the Commendatore; and the statue that stalked in time to that awful music—music which is the very essence of all things spectral—bore the face of Malcolm Forde.

CHAPTER III.

"Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
  With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet;
But his was red within him, like the core
  Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he longed internally to pour
  His flames and glowing lava at her feet;
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopped his mouth—and put the *crater* out."

The Derby-day was over; an exceptionally brilliant Derby, run under a summer-like sky; roads gloriously dusty; western breezes blowing; the favorite, a famous French horse, triumphant; every body, except perhaps the bookmen and sundry other mistaken speculators, elated; Mrs. Cinqmars seeing her way to a twelvemonth's supply of Piver and Jouvin; Elizabeth also a considerable winner of the same species of spoil.

The Viscount was not altogether delighted by the great event of the day. He had withdrawn his own entries two or three months ago, but had backed a Yorkshire horse, from Whitewall, somewhat heavily, skeptical as to the merits of the Frenchman.

"It's all very well while he's among French horses," he had said, "winning your Grand Prix, and that kind of thing; but let him come over here and lick a field of genuine English blood and sinew, if he can."

The Frenchman had accepted the challenge, and had left the pride and glory of many a British stable in the ruck behind his flying heels.

"Couldn't have done it if there wasn't English blood in him," said the Viscount, grimly, as he pushed his way within the sacred precincts to see the jockey weighed. "I wish I'd had some money on him."

Instead of the pleasing idea of that potful of money which he might have secured by backing the Frenchman, Lord Paulyn had a cargo of gloves to provide for the fair speculators—whose eager championship of the stranger he had smiled at somewhat scornfully half an hour ago—to say nothing of far heavier losses which only such estates as the Paulyn domains could bear easily.

"I shall pull up on Ascot," he thought, and was not sorry to resign the reins to Mr. Cinqmars during the homeward journey, while he abandoned his powerful mind to a close calculation of his chances for the next great meeting. He was a man with whom the turf was a serious business—a man who went as carefully into all the ins and outs of horse-racing as a great financier into the science of the stock-exchange, and he had so far contrived to make his winnings cover all his stable expenses, and even at times leave a handsome margin beyond them. Above all things he hated losing, and his meditative brow, as he sat beside Mr. Cinqmars, bore a family resemblance to the countenance of the astute dowager when she gave herself up to the study of her private ledger.

Even Elizabeth's fresh young voice running gayly on just behind him did not arouse him from his moody abstraction. He had been all devotion during the drive to Epsom, and Miss Luttrell's coldness and incivility, which of late had been marked, had not been sufficient to repel or discourage him. What did he care whether she was civil or uncivil? He rather liked those chilling airs and angry flashes from brilliant eyes. They gave a charm and piquancy to her society which he had never found in the insipid amiability of other women. What did it matter how she flouted him? He meant to marry her, and she of course meant to marry him. It was not to be supposed that any woman in her right mind would refuse such an offer. And in the mean while these coldnesses and little bitter speeches and disdainful looks were the merest coquetries—a Benedick-and-Beatrice or Katharina-and-Petruchio kind of business. See how uncivil that fair shrew was at the outset, and how much she bore from her newly wedded master afterward. Lord Paulyn smiled to himself as he thought of Petruchio. "I've got a trifle of that sort of stuff in me," he said to himself, complacently.

"What is the matter with Lord Paulyn?" asked Elizabeth of Mrs. Cinqmars, when they were changing horses at Mitcham, and the Viscount's gloom became, for the first time, obvious to her. She had been too busy to notice him until that moment, agreeably employed in discussing the day's racing with a couple of cavalry officers, particular friends of Mr. Cinqmars, who were delighted with the privilege of instructing her in the mysteries of the turf. She had a way of being intensely interested in whatever engaged her attention for the moment, and was as eager to hear about favorites and jockeys as if she had been the daughter of some Yorkshire squire, almost cradled in a racing stable, and swaddled in a horse-cloth.

"I'm afraid he's been losing money," said Mrs. Cinqmars, as the Viscount descended to inspect his horses and refresh himself with brandy-and-soda. "He ought to have backed the foreigner. He does look rather glum, doesn't he?"

"Does he mind losing a little money?" exclaimed Elizabeth, incredulously.

"I don't think there are many people who like it," answered Mrs. Cinqmars, laughing.

"But he is so enormously rich, I should have thought he could hardly care about it. I know that Lady Paulyn, his mother, is very fond of money; but for a young man to care, I should have thought it impossible."

"Very low, isn't it?" said Major Bolding, one of her instructors in the science of racing; "but rather a common weakness; so very human. Only it's bad form to show it as Paulyn does."

"It's only rich people who have a genuine af-

fection for money," remarked Mrs. Cinqmars; "a poor man never keeps a sovereign long enough to become attached to it."

The examination of his team did not tend to improve the Viscount's temper. They had sustained various infinitesimal injuries in the journey to and from the course, so he refreshed himself by swearing a little in a subdued manner at his grooms, who had nothing to do with these damages, and then consumed his brandy-and-soda in a sullen silence, only replying to Mr. Cinqmars's lively remarks by reluctant monosyllables.

"Can't you let a fellow alone when you see he's thinking?" he exclaimed at last.

"I wouldn't think too much if I were you, Paulyn," said Mr. Cinqmars, in his genial, happy-go-lucky manner; "I don't believe you've the kind of brain that can stand it. I've made a point of never thinking since I was five-and-twenty. I go up to the City, and do my work in a couple of hours with pen, ink, and paper; all my figures before me in black and white, not dancing about my brain from morning till night, and from night till morning, as some men let them dance. When I've settled every thing at my desk, I give my junior partner his orders; and before I've taken my hat off the peg to leave the office I've emptied my brain of all business ideas and perplexities as clean as if I'd taken a broom and swept it."

"All very well while you're making money," said the Viscount, "but you couldn't do that if you were losing."

"Perhaps not. But there are men who can't make money without wearing their brains out with perpetual mental arithmetic, men who carry the last two pages of their banking-book pasted upon the inside of their heads, and are always going over the figures. Those are the men who go off their nuts by the time they're worth a million or so, and cut their throats for fear of dying in a work-house. Come, I say, Paulyn, I know you're savage with yourself for not backing the foreigner, but you can put your money on him for the Leger, and come home that way."

"Very likely, when there's five to four on him!" cried the Viscount, contemptuously. Then brightening a little, he inquired what was to be the order of things that night at the Rancho.

"We've a lot of people coming to dinner at nine, or so, and I suppose my wife means a dance afterward."

"Like Cremorne," said Lord Paulyn. "Mind your wife makes Miss Luttrell stay."

"Oh, of course; we couldn't afford to lose the star of the evening. A fine girl, isn't she?" added Mr. Cinqmars, glancing critically upward at the figure in the front seat of the drag.

"A fine girl!" echoed the Viscount, contemptuously; "she's the handsomest woman I ever set eyes on, bar none."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DURING the month of May, whose name contains not the cabalistic letter "R," the oyster trade begins to decline. Strange as it may seem, even those who are not superstitious will eat oysters on April 30, but refuse them on the 1st of May. If the weather is not unseasonably warm, good judges say that the bivalves are often in their healthiest condition during May. However this may be, dealers do not then find it profitable to keep their large stores open, but devote their attention to planting for future crops. The baby oyster, as seen under the microscope, appears exquisitely fashioned, a pair of tiny shells inclosing the yet rudimentary organs, and minute, hair-like appendages serving as paddles. When a fortnight old it is not larger than an ordinary-sized pin's head, and at three months it is about the size of a pea; and these young oysters are planted in great quantities every year, at least two years before the season they are put into the market.

What oysters live upon has been a mooted question, as they know how to keep their mouths shut, and it is not easy to force a secret from them. But a large number of these bivalves have, from time to time, been interviewed by scientific gentlemen, and it is ascertained that they are not vegetarians, neither do they confine themselves to a few plain dishes, but they appease their hunger with a large variety of infusorial delicacies, each in its season.

The annual cruise of the New York Nautical School-Ship *Mercury* was wholly successful in the opportunities given to her boy crew to become proficient in seamanship and navigation. She left the port of New York about the middle of last November, and during her absence visited Madeira, Las Palmas, Rio Janeiro, and St. Thomas. In addition to the practical training in navigation, the boys have received regular daily instruction in the primary branches of education; and many who had become criminal through lack of moral training are now in a position to become useful members of society.

Among the rare and valuable books recently added to the New York Library, founded by Mr. Lenox, is a copy of *Smith's History of Virginia*, 1627. It was purchased at a sale in London for the extraordinary price of £1046.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain was in her younger days renowned for her feats of horsemanship. She was a bold rider, leaping hedge and ditch without hesitation, to the dismay of her courtiers, who were bound to follow. She was fond of hunting, and had perfect control of her horses.

From the western coast of Africa comes the intensely interesting news that "the dispute between Oko Jumbo and Ja-Ja-Ja has been settled." We trust our readers will be gratified with this information, but, for our own part, regret that, never having heard of the gentlemen before, we have been unable to make out clearly the merits of the quarrel between them.

Somnambulists often develop in their sleep personal peculiarities, or reveal the special subject of interest in the mind. A young lady of Troy, a fine musician and singer, after singing to friends one evening, retired as usual. In about an hour music was heard proceeding from her room. It continued so long that one of the members of the family arose, and upon entering the apartment of the young lady, found her asleep and singing with all her power. She tried to awaken her, but the effort was unavailing. She continued to sing, going from one song to another, for upward of an hour, when nature seemed to be exhausted, and the somnambulist sank into a real sleep. Upon awaking the next morning she knew nothing of the occurrence.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* calls public attention to a peril of the sea which he regards as more imminent than that of a rock-bound coast, namely, that of collision. He says:

"There are more than 150 steam-ships employed between the American coast and Europe, the greater part of them between New York and Liverpool. They all take the same great circle route to and from these ports, and are frequently meeting each other. On one passage in a Cunard ship we met a steamer on every day but two, passing so near to some that our course was altered to avoid them. What may be the next great ocean catastrophe? I shall not be at all surprised to hear that two of these great leviathans, coming from opposite directions, have struck each other, their joint momentum of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour sending 2000 people at once into eternity. This may happen on any foggy night or day; and when it does happen, it will arouse the attention of the public in a way more effectual than the frequent appeals of myself and others. We want a 'law of the road' for the ocean as well as for Broadway, for steam-ships as well as for omnibuses."

The new English war ship *Devastation* is a monster, resting on the water with a dead-weight of ten thousand tons. On board this remarkable man-of-war there are no less than thirty-four distinct and separate engines, possessing an indicated power of 6600 horses. Strong, steady, and swift, this vessel must be almost invulnerable, and probably has no superior on the high sea at the present day.

The *British Workman* gives the following directions for building a fire with regard to economy of fuel:

"The person laying a fire should fill the grate up to the top bar with coals, putting large pieces at the bottom and smaller over them; then upon these paper enough to light the sticks, which should be laid upon, and not under, the coal. Cover the sticks with the cinders remaining from the previous day's fire; these will soon become red-hot; the coal below will be warmed sufficiently to make it throw off gas; this, passing through the hot cinders, will be kindled, and will burn with a bright flame, instead of going up the chimney in smoke, as it does when the coals are laid on the top. The fire thus laid will require no poking, and will burn clear and bright for from six to eight hours without the necessity for more coals to be thrown on."

May some inventive genius take a hint respecting new modes of conveyance from the spider? or has the spider only copied, in its own peculiar fashion, the example of man? Last October, as a party of excursionists were crossing Lake Seneca, some moving peculiarity was observed near the centre of the lake. Upon investigation it was found that three spiders were gliding over the surface of the water, and attached to them was a single thread, the size of a knitting-needle, extending in the air to the height of thirty feet, at an angle of sixty degrees, and terminating with an enormous balloon-shaped web. This latter was judged to be eight feet long and five feet wide, with stays fastened to the main thread, something similar to those of a balloon, and it was managed, apparently, by an innumerable number of insects stationed at proper intervals. A near view was attempted, but the spiders had no notion of having their patent rights infringed, and the web began to rise onward and upward until out of sight. A vigorous use of the oar caused one spider to fall out of his carriage, but he was true to his party, and revealed no secrets.

Thirty-eight missionaries are constantly employed by the New York City Mission in its beneficent operations. Under its charge there are seven mission chapels, four mission churches with six hundred communicants, and five Sabbath-schools, having an average attendance of fifteen hundred children. Connected with the City Mission there are eight temperance societies, having four thousand pledged members enrolled. A "Helping Hand Association," conducted by a committee of ladies, gives aid and employment to about three hundred poor women; and mothers' meetings and sewing schools are carried on for the benefit of hundreds of women and children. While immediate relief is given to the sick and suffering, the great object in the aid rendered is to give such assistance as will help men and women toward an honorable self-support.

Sleeping-cars, which are now being built in Pantin, near Paris, will be placed on the through route from Paris to Vienna during the Exhibition in that city. Each carriage is intended for twelve passengers, and one of the three compartments into which it is divided is devoted to the use of ladies.

There is a deal of sound sense in what a teetotal orator once said:

"Now, boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the Post-office, you say, 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps!' These stamps will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go to the haberdasher's, and say, 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say, 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutler's, and say, 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round.'"

The Queen of Portugal is said to be an American lady of humble descent—that is, she was born in Boston, though of German parents. Her father was a poor shoe-maker. King Ferdinand made her acquaintance in Paris, they were married at Lisbon, and now have two children.

Thousands of swindlers make a living by working upon the dishonesty of others. One of the latest of exposed humbugs is the so-called "sawdust" operation. The mode of procedure is something as follows: The chief operator in one of these bogus firms sends his circulars abroad as extensively as he dares, stating that he has counterfeit money so perfect that it can not be told from the genuine. Any amount of this is promised to be sent to any address for ten cents on the dollar. It will be forwarded by express, *C. O. D.* A man of dishonest principles is tempted by this offer, and he orders a hundred dollars' worth of counterfeit money. The expressman brings the box, the receiver dares not open it in public, but pays the charges, and secretly unpacks his treasure. He finds to his chagrin that an extra fine lot of sawdust has been sent to him, for which he has paid the moderate sum of one hundred dollars. Of course the swindlers were too sharp to expose themselves to punishment by actually circulating a large amount of counterfeit money. And what can the unfortunate dupe do about it? He dare not make complaint, or appear as a witness against the deceiver, for such a course would at once reveal his own personal dishonesty. He can only silently lament his own utter folly, and learn to his cost that "honesty is the best policy." Only those who are willing to deal in counterfeit money ever make application for it; and when they see they have been swindled, they are both ashamed and afraid to say a word about it.

Lemons are recommended as very wholesome and useful in certain states of the system. People often crave an acid of some kind, particularly in the warm, weak-feeling days of spring and early summer. When lemons are cheap in the market it may not be amiss to purchase a quantity and prepare them for future use. The following method is suggested: Press out the juice of the lemons, and remove the seeds, which give a bitter taste; separate the pulp from the peel, and boil the former in the proportion of a dozen pulps to a pint of water, to extract the acid. Ten minutes' boiling is sufficient; strain the water into the juice; add a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil the whole ten minutes, and bottle it. One or two table-spoonfuls of this lemon sirup in a glass of water will make a cooling, healthful beverage.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Signal-office has begun the publication of a brief monthly review of the weather, in which special attention is, of course, given to the storms that visit the United States. It appears from these that there were enumerated during the month of January twelve storms, during February ten, and during March eleven. The paths pursued by the centres of these storms are classified as follows: Twenty-one passed from the Upper Missouri Valley, and possibly from Oregon and British Columbia, eastward, over the lakes to Canada or New England; nine passed from the southwest, north and eastward, to the Middle or Eastern States; three passed from the southwest, eastward, to the South Atlantic States, and thence northeastward; and two passed up northeastward some distance off the Atlantic coast. Several of these storms divided into two portions, pursuing separate routes; and, with but one or two exceptions, they all increased in severity as they advanced eastward.

The rain-fall returns show a general deficiency on the Pacific coast; that, however, which was reported in the States east of the Rocky Mountains in March is probably compensated by the excess during January and February.

During the entire three months the temperature has been colder than usual—at least for the country east of the Rocky Mountains.

Strenuous efforts were made during its late session to induce the Legislature of Pennsylvania to authorize a new geological survey of the State, the interval of time which has elapsed since the last survey by Professor ROGERS having brought to light many indications of valuable mineral wealth, while the resurvey of many localities already investigated has become necessary. The movement is under the direction of Professor J. P. LESLEY, one of our most eminent geologists, and one who, should he receive the appointment of director-in-chief, would conduct the affairs of the survey in the most approved manner, and to the best interest of the commonwealth.

His estimate of the annual cost of the work is $24,000 for salaries of director and assistants, $14,000 for incidental and traveling expenses, and $9000 as the cost of commencing the publication of the report, or a total of $47,000. Part of this outlay will be for equipment and material, which will, of course, be available in subsequent years without any additional cost. It is urged as one argument for carrying out the proposition immediately, that in this manner a thorough and systematic survey of the mineral wealth of Pennsylvania may be obtained, the results of which may be worthy of presentation at the Centennial Exposition of 1876.

Mr. THISTLETON DYER, in a review of SYME's *English Botany*, calls attention to the fact that at the close of the pliocene period, Northern Europe, including the greater portion of the British Isles (which were then connected with the Continent), was covered with a continuous sheet of ice, which entirely exterminated any vegetation that might have previously existed there. The surface of the islands, therefore, appears to have been a *tabula rasa* in the entire absence of vegetation. As the surface gradually rose above the ice and water it became slowly stocked with life from the Continent, with which, as stated, it was joined.

The climate, which had been milder during the period of submersion, became again cold; the mountains were once more clothed with glaciers, though less extensive than before. The first vegetation introduced must have been of an arctic character, this giving way as the climate ameliorated, and new plants pressed forward from the south.

Of this ancient vegetation there are still remains on the summits of the mountains and elsewhere, such as the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), found also in the bogs of Ireland and at the bottom of those in Denmark. Subsequently the beech came in, and other species of similar physical peculiarities, and Ireland and Southwestern England received contributions from the western flora of Europe. It is an interesting fact that of 120 plants which are eastern as regards Great Britain only eighteen reach Ireland, and but five extend to its western side. The British flora is therefore simply an extension of the Continental flora, with which it is no longer continuous in area. There are no species in the British Isles which are peculiar to them. The time which has elapsed since their separation from the main-land has not been sufficient to permit that differentiation of form which might result in distinctions of specific value.

This fact is strongly in contrast with what we find in Madeira, where the island is clothed with vegetation which is as old as the miocene, and very different from that of the nearest continent. As a general rule, the species of plants known to be common to Great Britain and the Continent, exhibit comparatively little difference in the way of definable varieties; this, however, being indicated, if at all, by the bramble and dog-rose, of which the British sub-species and races are somewhat different from those of France or Hungary.

The International Meteorological Congress that is to meet in Vienna in the approaching autumn is the first general congress that has met since that of Brussels, in 1853, and its possible moment is more than ever attracting the attention of scientific men. Among the many problems suggested for its consideration none is so pregnant with prospective importance as that just propounded by Dr. KÖPPEN, of St. Petersburg.

The great questions of the past century in meteorology seem to have been confined to local climates; but, since the spread of telegraph lines and cables over the world, attention has been fastened upon the possibility of the investigation of the general movements of the atmosphere, and specially upon the progress of storms. It is only lately that knowledge and civilization have advanced sufficiently to make it possible to study these great practical questions with advantage, and KÖPPEN argues (in which, as he says, he but expresses the views of the many eminent men whom he has consulted) that the interests of meteorology and of humanity demand that the whole civilized world unite in a permanent organization for the pursuit of these studies.

To this end neither occasional international congresses will suffice, nor the separate national systems of weather telegraphy, no matter how extended their ramifications, since these latter must of necessity leave the enormous surface of the ocean unprovided for. On the other hand, it is necessary and sufficient that there be established an international permanent meteorological institute, and to the organization of this he proposes that the Vienna Congress shall give its earnest attention. This institute should be supported by the appropriations of the respective nations, and he estimates its annual expenses at the very moderate sum of ten thousand pounds sterling. It should have its central office in some small and neutral state of Europe, for which he thinks Holland very favorably situated.

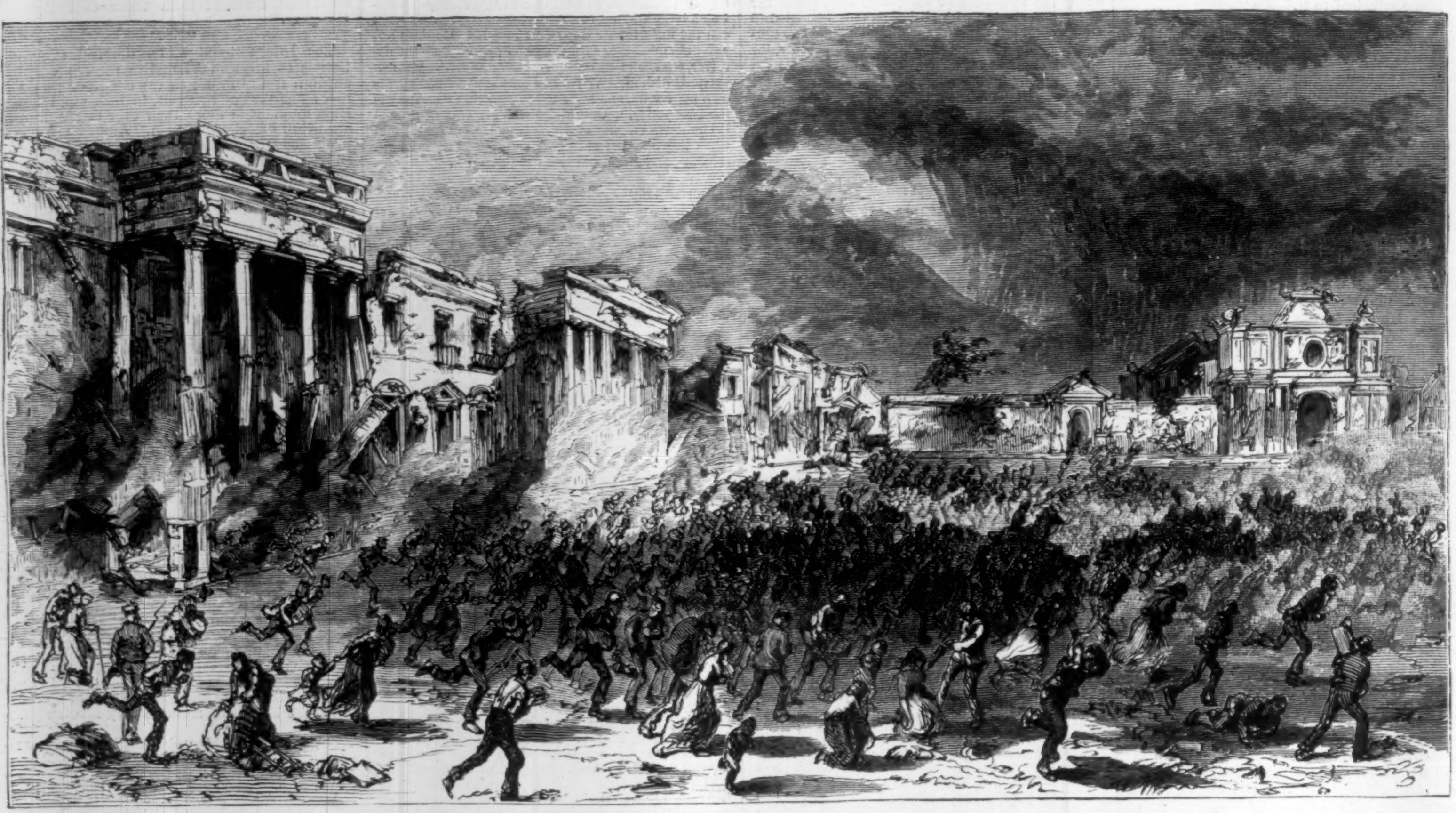
The proposed meteorological institute has already its counterparts in the "International Metric Commission," in the "International Bureau of Weights and Measures," the "International Statistical Congress," and the "International European Geodetic Committee." Indeed, it will be evident to every one that the greatest possible advantage must result from this permanent union of the scientific forces of the various nations; and certainly none are more interested in the rapid progress of practical meteorology than the citizens of the United States. It is to be hoped that not only the individual meteorologists of this country may be present at Vienna, but that the Smithsonian Institution, the National Academy of Science, the Surgeon-General's Office, the Naval Hydrographic-office, the Agricultural Department, and the Army Signal-office may be represented, as all of these have entered more or less extensively into the study of meteorology. But especially does it seem important that the general government send a representative person with authority to unite with similar representatives from other governments in the organization of a permanent international institute for the furtherance of a general system of meteorological research over the entire globe. It occurs to us very naturally to add that, as a central location for this institute, New York city possesses all the advantages claimed for Holland, and even some additional ones. If we are not mistaken, the weather reports of the Army Signal Service are now thrice as extensive and effective as any in Europe, and ought not to be ignored, as, indeed, they will not be if America is well represented at the Vienna Congress.

The report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York for the year 1872 has been published, and gives a gratifying account of the progress effected in that State in the way of restoring the fish supply to its rivers and lakes. The work has been prosecuted under the direction of Messrs. ROOSEVELT, SEYMOUR, and SMITH as Commissioners, with the well-known SETH GREEN as director of operations. The liberal annual appropriations, which we believe exceed those of any other State, have enabled these gentlemen to make great progress toward realizing the plans that they originally laid out for their action.

The shad hatching during the year was as satisfactory as could have been expected, in view of the difficulties caused by the unexpected hot weather, the operations on the Hudson beginning on the 17th of May and ceasing on the 2d of July. The total number of mature fish caught during this period was 4527, from which 8,736,000 spawn were extracted, and from these nearly seven and a half millions of young shad were hatched and turned into the waters. As the entire catch of the Hudson River did not exceed a million of full-grown shad during the year, the addition of this number of young fish must undoubtedly have an important bearing upon the future supply.

The Commissioners earnestly renew the recommendation they have heretofore made for the establishment of a close time, in order to enable the fish to reach the upper portion of the river for the purpose of spawning, the number of gill nets and other obstructions at present in operation rendering such a passage almost impossible. Indeed, but for the strenuous efforts of the Commissioners to introduce young shad into the river, it is probable that by this time the shad fishing would have almost entirely ceased. The Commissioners propose, therefore, that the use of nets be forbidden from Saturday night until Monday morning throughout the season, and that after a certain period in the summer the capture of fish be entirely prohibited.

The Commissioners report, in reference to the experiment of the introduction of young shad into the Genesee River in 1871, that in 1872 young fry were taken there in June five or six inches long; and that, two months later, fish seven inches in length, and weighing a quarter of a pound, were caught near the mouth of the river, where it empties into Lake Ontario, as many as a hundred being captured at once in a small net. Details of the result of experiments for stocking the tributaries of the lakes are given in the report, to which we must refer our readers.



THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN SALVADOR BY AN EARTHQUAKE.—[SEE PAGE 373.]

INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN WIGWAM.—[SEE PAGE 364.]

CUBAN LOVERS—A STREET SCENE IN HAVANA.

CUBAN LOVERS.

A CUBAN window is admirably suited to purposes of love-making, being wide, lofty, and within easy reach from the street. It is also guiltless of glass, but any thing like elopement from within, or burglary from without, is effectually provided against by means of strong iron bars, placed wide enough apart, however, to admit the arm and shoulder of a Pyramus on the pavement, or the yielding face of a Thisbe on the other side. An open engagement in Cuba has many disadvantages which an open-air engagement has not. Seated in an uncongenial arm-chair, the conventional lover may enjoy the society of his betrothed any hour of the day or evening, but he may not meet her by gas-light alone, nor may he exhibit his passion in a demonstrative manner, save in the presence of others. Warned by these objections, our lovers have agreed to keep their own counsel, and court in this *al fresco* way. Besides, it is the Cuban custom for a lady to sit before her window and converse with a passing acquaintance without infringing the rules of propriety

Our creole Romeo is a sun-burned gentleman, with a dark mustache and imperial. He is attired in the costume of the country, which consists of a suit of spotless white drill, starched to the quality of card-board, and a Panama hat. His *inamorata* has the brightest of black eyes, a profusion of dark frizzled hair, with eyebrows and lashes to match. It is universally admitted that her complexion is fair for a daughter of the tropics, but truth compels us to state that in one sense our Cuban beauty is not so white as she is painted. During the day she plasters her delicate skin with cascarilla, a chalky composition of powdered egg-shell and rum. This she applies without the least regard for effect, after the manner of other Cuban ladies, who have a theory that whitewash is a protection against the sun, and a check to unbecoming perspiration. Toward the cool of the evening, however, the señorita divests herself of her calcareous mask, and appears in all her native bloom.

SAN SALVADOR IN RUINS.

THE city of San Salvador, capital of the Central American republic of that name, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake a few weeks since. Eight hundred persons perished, crushed to death beneath the falling buildings. The earthquake was followed by an extensive conflagration. The loss in property is estimated at $12,000,000.

The final catastrophe was preceded by a series of severe shocks, commencing on the 4th of March. Many of the inhabitants, alarmed by these premonitions of danger, sought refuge at Santa Tecla, or New Salvador, about ten miles distant from the capital, situated eight hundred feet higher than the latter city, and supposed to be more secure from earthquake shocks. But for this, no doubt, the loss of life would have been far greater.

The city of San Salvador is situated on a small stream that runs into the Pacific Ocean 105 miles southeast of Guatemala. It was founded in 1528 by JORGE DE ALVARADO, brother of PEDRO DE ALVARADO, the lieutenant of CORTÉZ, on the site of the Indian town of Cuscutlan, about eighteen miles northward, but in 1539 it was removed to Las Bermudas, the position it now occupies. Under the crown

it was the capital of the province, and afterward of Central America, until its dissolution in 1839.

About three miles southeast of the city is the volcano of San Salvador, which presents a most beautiful cone, with a gently sloping summit, crowned to the highest peak with thick forests. The crater is partially filled with water, but is perfectly well preserved, is more than half a league in circumference, and rises about 1000 feet above the table-land on which it stands. The other hills, including those which belong to the volcanic range south, do not rise to a greater height than 1500 feet above the level of the plain.

At different periods the city has suffered from earthquakes, the most notable being those which took place in 1659 and 1854. There is no historical record as to the destruction of life and property in 1659, but in 1853, a year previous to the latest chronicled disaster, San Salvador city contained about 30,000 inhabitants, a large and beautiful cathedral, eight other churches, a university, a female seminary, several hospitals, and two extensive aqueducts for providing a sufficient water supply. The city at that period was in a very flourishing condition, with a rapidly increasing trade; but on the night of the 16th of April, 1854, it was completely destroyed by an earthquake, when over one hundred lives were lost and an incalculable amount of property ruined. Subsequently a new city was laid out by the government ten miles nearer the sea, called Nuevo San Salvador; but so general was the purpose of the inhabitants to rebuild their ruined houses that in the year 1855 the Legislature determined to continue the seat of power in the old city.

THE SOUL OF WIT.

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modeled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions in arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely, 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen: yonder is the enemy; let us march!' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians: yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succor!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds.

The last time Justice Foster, of England, went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the Grand Jurymen to their work with, "Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot; I am very old; and you are well acquainted with your duty—practice it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said, "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my brother J——, from the irresistible force of my brother B——'s arguments." In an action for slander Justice Cresswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words, "Gentlemen, the defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow: what damages?"—an example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge sternly and coldly said, "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is that you be transported for the term of twenty years." Sir William Grant, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed, when they had done, "The act is repealed."

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaire. The latter, passing in haste through Lyons, was hailed by the bishop with, "Hi! hi!" The duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green pease." "But what were the people saying when you left?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, postilion!" One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room. Before he could speak she bared her arm, saying, "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said, "Better." "Continue the poultice." Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said, "Well. Your fee?" "Nothing," quoth the great medico: "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!" Lord Aberdeen, the Premier of the coalition ministry, was remarkable for the little use he made of his tongue. When, by way of reconciling him to accompany her on a sea trip, the Queen smilingly observed, "I believe, my lord, you are not often seasick?" "Always, madam," was the brief but significant reply. "But," said her Majesty, "not very seasick?" "Very, madam," said the uncompromising minister. Wellington, we need hardly say, was not given to use too many words. One example of his economy this way will suffice. The duke wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instruction. The doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him he said, "I am obliged to you, doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is —— fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began, "No man more so, my lord. I can—" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington: "I know how valuable your time is; mine just now is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good-morning!"

Naturally men of action are generally men of few words. Cæsar was not the only commander capable of announcing a victory briefly. Marlborough's Blenheim dispatch would not fill a third of a newspaper column. Suvaroff's dispatch to the Empress was in rhyme, and has been translated, "Glory to God; glory to you. The fortress is taken; I am here." This was excelled in brevity by the Hungarian general's announcement of his defeat of Jellachich, the Ban of the Croats, which, put into English, was simply, "Bem beat Ban." Admiral Walton's famous "per margin" dispatch has its pendant in Hawke's "I have given the French a good drubbing;" and Napier's punning "Peccavi" its fellow in Colin Campbell's "I am in luck now!" although we must own to having doubts as to the authenticity of one of these.

An American editor, writing to a Connecticut brother, "Send full particulars of the flood"—meaning an inundation at that place—received for reply, "You will find them in *Genesis*." A good specimen of Yankee brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer named Brown from a Colonel Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than "Brown—beef—Boyd;" the colonel receiving his supplies with a note running, "Boyd—beef—Brown."

Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood with a note of two words, "Hélas! madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote, not very long afterward, soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied, "Ho! ho! madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend Dr. Fisher, of the Charterhouse: "Dear Fisher, I can not, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend—Eldon. (*Turn over.*) I gave it you yesterday." Pleasant to all parties concerned was the correspondence between the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Cork: "Dear Cork, please ordain Stanhope—York." "Dear York, Stanhope is ordained—Cork."

DIAMONDS.

If you ask ten persons at random whether the diamond is a work of nature or work of art, it is safe to wager that nine of the ten will answer you that it is a work of nature. And yet it would be hard to find any object of "bigotry and virtue," as Mrs. Malaprop has it, which is more thoroughly a work of art than the diamond, as we now prize and wear it. The establishment of Starr & Marcus, 22 John St. (up stairs), has acquired a national reputation for the artistic in ornaments and jewelry; and yet in all the brilliant catalogue of rare and radiant objects there, fashioned by the skill of man out of the rude materials with which nature supplies him, you may safely select a pure and perfect diamond of the first water as that which owes the most to human thought and human manipulation. The ancients valued the diamond not so highly, indeed, as we do, but very highly. But they valued it on totally different grounds from ours. They could not cut it, and bore it about with them "an excess of glory obscured," not for its beauty, but because they believed it to be the only unalterable body in nature. It was their belief that neither steel nor fire could harm it. They even regarded it as possessing magical virtues. We know that the hammer will break it and the crucible burn it. Lavoisier burnt a diamond in oxygen and obtained from it carbonic acid. Yet we esteem it far more than did the ancients. Early in the Middle Ages, no one knows exactly when, the art of cutting and polishing it with its own dust—"diamond cut diamond"—was discovered. Van Berghens, in 1456, has the credit of perfecting this art. But, half a century before, the Duke of Burgundy gave away ten cut diamonds to the French nobles at a banquet in Paris, and the Emperor Charles of Germany wore cut diamonds in his cloak-clasp in 1373. However, Van Berghens doubtless established the first diamond-cutters-guild in the Low Countries, where the art has flourished best down to our own times, which are seeing it gradually transferred to London. It is this art, and not nature, which gives the diamond of to-day its transparency, its dazzling play of light, its lustre, and converts, one may say, a pebble into a star.—[*Com.*]

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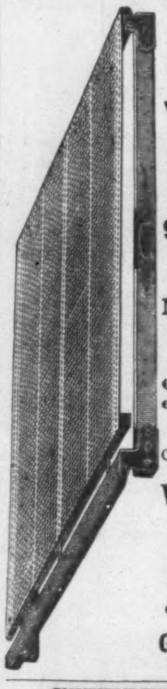

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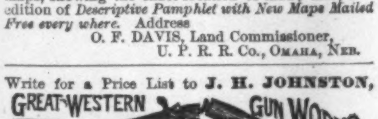

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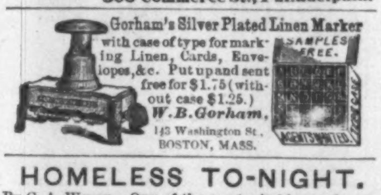

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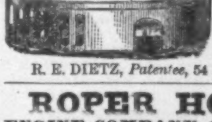

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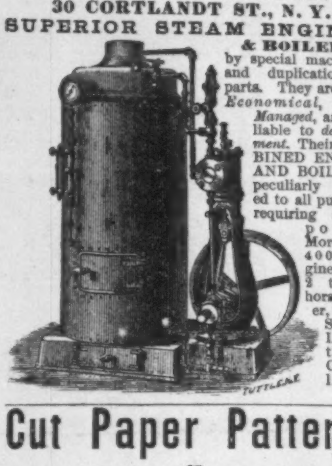

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YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old) .... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt) .... " 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER .... " 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) .... " 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP .... " 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt .... " 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt .... " 49

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) .... " 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER .... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers) .... " 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt .... " 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt .... " 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postillion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt .... " 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) .... " 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER .. No. 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt .... " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old) .... " 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt .... " 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT .... " 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown) .... " 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) " 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old) .... " 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt .... " 39
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DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT .... " 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT .... " 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) .... " 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt .... " 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT .... " 48
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT .... " 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt) .... " 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT .... " 51

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DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT " 7
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Indiana	1896	Colorado	242	Alabama	449
Iowa	2197	Oregon	249	Maryland	411
New York	6420	Territories	654	Florida	225
Wisconsin	1895	New Jersey	1343	Delaware	251
Missouri	1249	California	296	Massachu'tts	1242
Minnesota	696	Texas	1041	Connecticut	1083
Ohio	3986	Mississippi	968	Maine	763
Pennsylvania	3819	West Virginia	511	N. Hampshire	803
Kansas	965	Tennessee	540	Vermont	863
Kentucky	645	Virginia	783	Rhode Island	230
Nebraska	475	N. Carolina	438	Canada	132
Arkansas	436	S. Carolina	793	Foreign	27
Michigan	2510	Georgia	477		
Total mail subscribers					45,798
Sold to Am. News Co.	2950	Sold to Nat'l News Co.	116		
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Total					50,450

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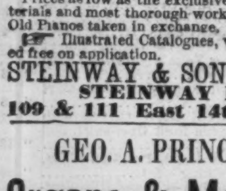

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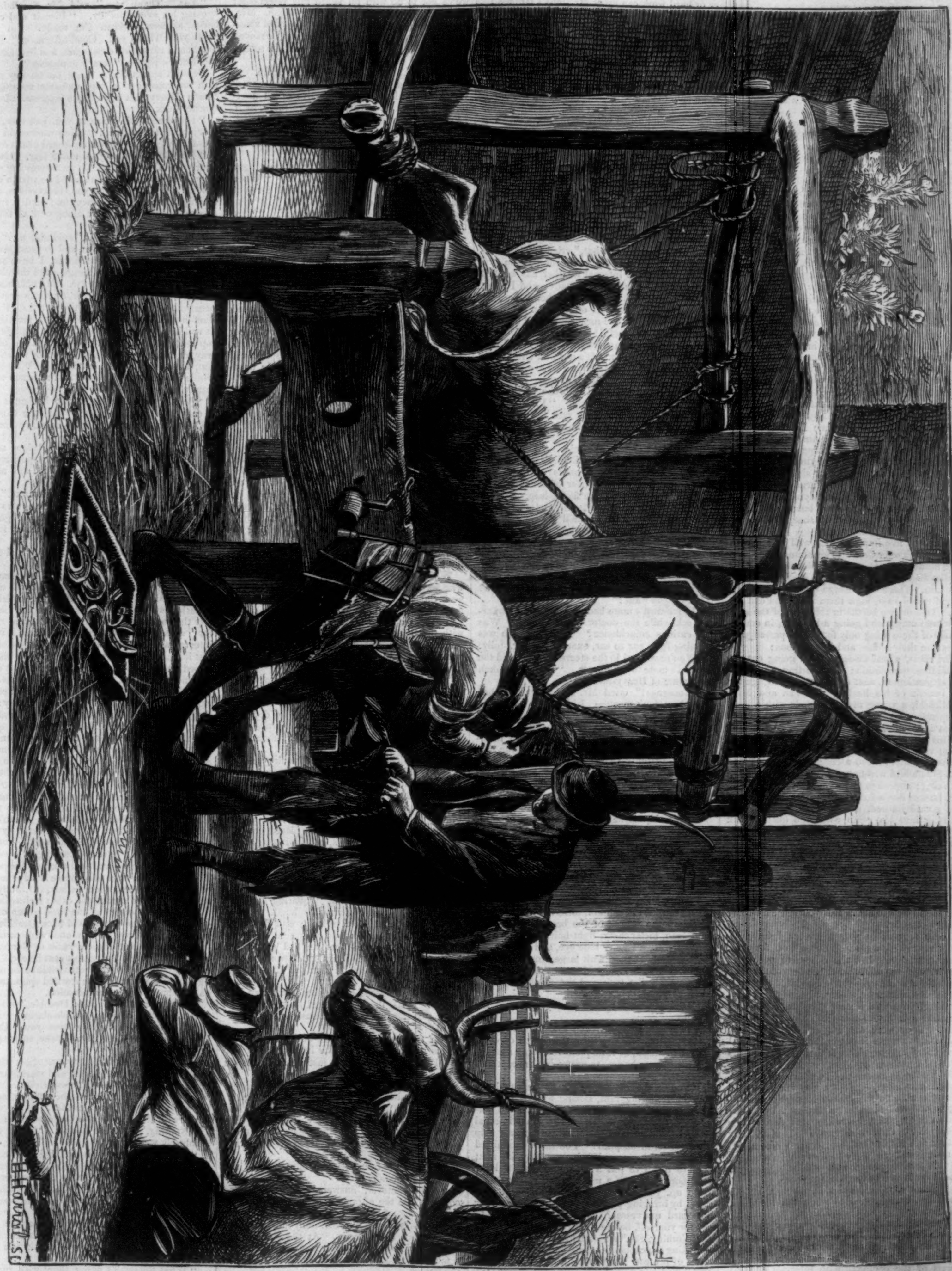
SHOEING OXEN AT ROME.

THE artist to whose pencil the readers of the *Weekly* are indebted for the interesting picture on this page describes the scene as follows: "One of the cruelest and most picturesque sights I have seen in Rome is the shoeing of oxen. Every body knows the magnificent cattle of the Roman Campagna. Tall, stately brutes they are, with prodigious horns, in color a stone gray, sometimes darker and sometimes a pure white. In the size, color, and silky texture of coat they resemble those grand Brahma cattle more than any breed of ours. They are the Romans' strong, uncomplaining slaves. Their horns bound with thick rope to the pole of the rude carts they draw, with necks pressed down under the weight of a ponderous yoke, with nostrils pierced by a ring to receive the reins, and urged by a goad, they plod along the roads of Rome. Slow they certainly are, but they are very patient, and very hardly used. Looking at them, you realize the whole force of the metaphor, 'to go beneath the yoke.' What expression there is in their full eye so 'wondrous pitiful!'

"If you would study them, where else should you go but to the Forum Boarium? And the modern Forum Boarium is not far off the ancient one, close to San Georgio in Velatro and the Arch of Janus. Just at the beginning of Via de' Cerchi, where it leaves the Piazza della Bocca della Verita, opposite the famous little Temple of Vesta, you will find its broad margin full of these oxen and their carts. Here, reveling in a temporary repose, they lie at their ease and ruminate—on things in general. Only for a time, though. Their contadino driver, a sallow, satyr-like man, with goat-skin thighs and almost a tail and hoofs, stirs them up, and drives them to be shod. They leave the yoke only to enter the Caudine Forks. These are a narrow pound between five posts, planted two opposite two, and the fifth making a triangle with the last pair. To this the horns of the ox are tied, after he has been coaxed and goaded up to it. Then two ropes are passed under him, attached on one side to a cross-piece, on the other to a capstan. With this the poor animal is hoisted off his legs, and hangs with all his weight upon the ropes, almost cut in two by them, rolling like a ship on her beam ends. Then the hind-legs are tied one by one to a bar, and operated on, and afterward the fore-feet bound to a projecting piece of wood. When all is finished he is leisurely let down again, and dismissed to make room for another. The Temple of Vesta yonder has watched this self-same scene recurring for 2000 years, for I imagine the method has undergone no improvement since CINCINNATUS'S '*bos piger*' was shod."



ROME—SHOEING OXEN NEAR THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

THE FATAL CRADLE:

OTHERWISE, THE HEART-RENDING STORY OF MR. HEAVYSIDES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THERE has never yet been discovered a man with a grievance who objected to mention it. I am no exception to this general human rule. I have got a grievance, and I don't object to mention it. Compose your spirits to hear a pathetic story, and kindly picture me in your own mind as a baby five minutes old.

Do I understand you to say that I am too big and too heavy to be pictured in any body's mind as a baby? Perhaps I may be—but don't mention my weight again, if you please. My weight has been the grand misfortune of my life. It spoiled all my prospects (as you will presently hear) before I was two days old.

My story begins thirty-one years ago, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and starts with the great mistake of my first appearance in this world, at sea, on board the merchant ship *Adventure*, Captain Gillop, five hundred tons burden, coppered, and carrying an experienced surgeon.

In presenting myself to you (which I am now about to do) at that eventful period of my life when I was from five to ten minutes old, and in withdrawing myself again from your notice (so as not to trouble you with more than a short story) before the time when I cut my first tooth, I need not hesitate to admit that I speak on hearsay knowledge only. It is knowledge, however, that may be relied on, for all that. My information comes from Captain Gillop, commander of the *Adventure* (who sent it to me in the form of a letter); from Mr. Jolly, experienced surgeon of the *Adventure* (who wrote it for me—most unfeelingly, as I think—in the shape of a humorous narrative); and from Mrs. Drabble, stewardess of the *Adventure* (who told it me by word of mouth). Those three persons were, in various degrees, spectators—I may say astonished spectators—of the events which I have now to relate.

The *Adventure* at the time I speak of was bound out from London to Australia. I suppose you know without my telling you that thirty years ago was long before the time of the gold-finding and the famous clipper ships. Building in the new colony and sheep-farming far up inland were the two main employments of those days, and the passengers on board our vessel were consequently builders or sheep-farmers almost to a man.

A ship of five hundred tons well loaded with cargo doesn't offer first-rate accommodation to a large number of passengers. Not that the gentlefolks in the cabin had any great reason to complain. There the passage-money, which was a good round sum, kept them what you call select. One or two berths in this part of the ship were even empty and going a-begging, in consequence of there being only four cabin passengers. These are their names and descriptions:

Mr. Sims, a middle-aged man, going out on a building speculation; Mr. Purling, a weakly young gentleman, sent on a long sea-voyage for the benefit of his health; and Mr. and Mrs. Smallchild, a young married couple with a little independence, which Mr. Smallchild proposed to make a large one by sheep-farming.

This gentleman was reported to the captain as being very good company when on shore. But the sea altered him to a certain extent. When Mr. Smallchild was not sick, he was eating and drinking; and when he was not eating and drinking, he was fast asleep. He was perfectly patient and good-humored, and wonderfully nimble at running into his cabin when the qualms took him on a sudden; but as for his being good company, nobody heard him say ten words together all through the voyage. And no wonder. A man can't talk in the qualms; a man can't talk while he is eating and drinking; and a man can't talk when he is asleep. And that was Mr. Smallchild's life. As for Mrs. Smallchild, she kept her cabin from first to last. But you will hear more of her presently.

These four cabin passengers, as I have already remarked, were well enough off for their accommodation. But the miserable people in the steerage—a poor place at the best of times on board the *Adventure*—were all huddled together, men and women and children, higgledy-piggledy, like sheep in a pen, except that they hadn't got the same quantity of fine fresh air to blow over them. They were artisans and farm-laborers, who couldn't make it out in the old country. I have no information either of their exact numbers or of their names. It doesn't matter: there was only one family among them which need be mentioned particularly—namely, the family of the Heavysides. To wit, Simon Heavysides, intelligent and well-educated, a carpenter by trade; Susan Heavysides, his wife; and seven little Heavysides, their unfortunate offspring. My father and mother and brothers and sisters, did I understand you to say? Don't be in a hurry! I recommend you to wait a little before you make quite sure of that circumstance.

Though I myself had not, perhaps, strictly speaking, come on board when the vessel left London, my ill luck, as I firmly believe, had shipped in the *Adventure* to wait for me—and decided the nature of the voyage accordingly.

Never was such a miserable time known. Stormy weather came down on us from all points of the compass, with intervals of light, baffling winds or dead calms. By the time the *Adventure* had been three months out, Captain Gillop's naturally sweet temper began to get soured. I leave you to say whether it was likely to be much improved by a piece of news which reached him from the region of the cabin on the morning of the ninety-first day. It had fallen to a dead calm again; and the ship was rolling about helpless with her head all round the compass, when Mr. Jolly (from whose facetious narrative I repeat all conversations exactly as they passed) came on deck to the captain, and addressed him in these words:

"I have got some news that will rather surprise you," said Mr. Jolly, smiling and rubbing his hands. (Although the experienced surgeon has not shown much sympathy for my troubles, I won't deny that his disposition was as good as his name. To this day no amount of bad weather or hard work can upset Mr. Jolly's temper.)

"If it's news of a fair wind coming," grumbled the captain, "that would surprise me on board this ship, I can promise you!"

"It's not exactly a wind coming," said Mr. Jolly. "It's another cabin passenger."

The captain looked round at the empty sea, with the land thousands of miles away, and with not a ship in sight—turned sharply on the experienced surgeon—eyed him hard—changed color suddenly—and asked what he meant.

"I mean there's a fifth cabin passenger coming on board," persisted Mr. Jolly, grinning from ear to ear—"introduced by Mrs. Smallchild—likely to join us, I should say, toward evening—size, nothing to speak of—sex, not known at present—manners and customs, probably squally."

"Do you really mean it?" asked the captain, backing away, and turning paler and paler.

"Yes, I do," answered Mr. Jolly, nodding hard at him.

"Then I'll tell you what," cried Captain Gillop, suddenly flying into a violent passion, "I won't have it! the infernal weather has worried me out of my life and soul already—and I won't have it! Put it off, Jolly—tell her there isn't room enough for that sort of thing on board my vessel. What does she mean by taking us all in in this way? Shameful! shameful!"

"No! no!" remonstrated Mr. Jolly. "Don't look at it in that light. It's her first child, poor thing. How should *she* know? Give her a little more experience, and I dare say—"

"Where's her husband?" broke in the captain, with a threatening look. "I'll speak my mind to her husband, at any rate."

Mr. Jolly consulted his watch before he answered.

"Half past eleven," he said. "Let me consider a little. It's Mr. Smallchild's regular time just now for squaring accounts with the sea. He'll have done in a quarter of an hour. In five minutes more he'll be fast asleep. At one o'clock he'll eat a hearty lunch, and go to sleep again. At half past two he'll square accounts as before—and so on till night. You'll make nothing out of Mr. Smallchild, captain. Extraordinary man—wastes tissue, and repairs it again perpetually, in the most astonishing manner. If we are another month at sea, I believe we shall bring him into port totally comatose.—Hullo! What do *you* want?"

The steward's mate had approached the quarter-deck while the doctor was speaking. Was it a curious coincidence? This man also was grinning from ear to ear, exactly like Mr. Jolly.

"You're wanted in the steerage, Sir," said the steward's mate to the doctor. "A woman taken bad, name of Heavysides."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Jolly. "Ha! ha! ha! You don't mean— Eh?"

"That's it, Sir, sure enough," said the steward's mate, in the most positive manner.

Captain Gillop looked all around him in silent desperation; lost his sea-legs for the first time these twenty years; staggered back till he was brought all standing by the side of his own vessel; dashed his fist on the bulwark, and found language to express himself in, at the same moment.

"This ship is bewitched," said the captain, wildly. "Stop!" he called out, recovering himself a little as the doctor bustled away to the steerage. "Stop! If it's true, Jolly, send her husband here aft to me. Damme, I'll have it out with one of the husbands!" said the captain, shaking his fist viciously at the empty air.

Ten minutes passed; and then there came staggering toward the captain, tottering this way and that with the rolling of the becalmed vessel, a long, lean, melancholy, light-haired man, with a Roman nose, a watery blue eye, and a complexion profusely spotted with large brown freckles. This was Simon Heavysides, the intelligent carpenter, with the wife and the family of seven small children on board.

"Oh! you're the man, are you?" said the captain.

The ship lurched heavily; and Simon Heavysides staggered away with a run to the opposite side of the deck, as if he preferred going straight overboard into the sea, to answering the captain's question.

"You're the man—are you?" repeated the captain, following him, seizing him by the collar, and pinning him up fiercely against the bulwark. "It's your wife—is it? You infernal rascal! what do you mean by turning my ship into a lying-in hospital? You have committed an act of mutiny; or, if it isn't mutiny, it's next door to it. I've put a man in irons for less! I've more than half a mind to put *you* in irons! Hold up, you slippery lubber! What do you mean by bringing passengers I don't bargain for on board my vessel? What have you got to say for yourself, before I clap the irons on you?"

"Nothing, Sir," answered Simon Heavysides, accepting the captain's strong language without a word of protest. "As for the punishment you mentioned just now, Sir," continued Simon, "I wish to say—having seven children more than I know how to provide for, and an eighth coming to make things worse—I respectfully wish to say, Sir, that my mind is in irons already: and I don't know as it will make much difference if you put my body in irons along with it."

The captain mechanically let go of the carpenter's collar: the mild despair of the man melted him in spite of himself.

"Why did you come to sea? Why didn't you wait ashore till it was all over?" asked the captain, as sternly as he could.

"It's no use waiting, Sir," remarked Simon. "In our line of life, as soon as it's over it begins again. There's no end to it that I can see," said the miserable carpenter, after a moment's meek consideration—"except the grave."

"Who's talking about the grave?" cried Mr. Jolly, coming up at that moment. "It's births we've got to do with on board this vessel—not burials. Captain Gillop, this woman, Mrs. Heavysides, can't be left in your crowded steerage in her present condition. She must be moved off into one of the empty berths—and the sooner the better, I can tell you!"

The captain began to look savage again. A steerage passenger in one of his "state-rooms" was a nautical anomaly subversive of all discipline. He eyed the carpenter once more, as if he was mentally measuring him for a set of irons.

"I'm very sorry, Sir," Simon remarked, politely—"very sorry that any inadvertence of mine or Mrs. Heavysides—"

"Take your long carcass and your long tongue forward!" thundered the captain. "When talking will mend matters, I'll send for you again. Give your own orders, Jolly," he went on, resignedly, as Simon staggered off. "Turn the ship into a nursery as soon as you like!"

Five minutes later—so expeditious was Mr. Jolly—Mrs. Heavysides appeared horizontally on deck, shrouded in blankets, and supported by three men. When this interesting procession passed the captain, he shrank aside from it with as vivid an appearance of horror as if a wild bull was being carried by him instead of a British matron.

The sleeping-berths below opened on either side out of the main cabin. On the left-hand side (looking toward the ship's bowsprit) was Mrs. Smallchild. On the right-hand side, opposite to her, the doctor established Mrs. Heavysides. A partition of canvas was next run up, entirely across the main cabin. The smaller of the two temporary rooms thus made lay nearest the stairs leading on deck, and was left free to the public. The larger was kept sacred to the doctor and his mysteries. When an old clothes-basket, emptied, cleaned, and comfortably lined with blankets (to serve for a make-shift cradle), had been in due course of time carried into the inner cabin, and had been placed midway between the two sleeping-berths, so as to be easily producible when wanted, the outward and visible preparations of Mr. Jolly were complete; the male passengers had all taken refuge on deck; and the doctor and the stewardess were left in undisturbed possession of the lower regions.

While it was still early in the afternoon the weather changed for the better. For once in a way, the wind came from a fair quarter; and the *Adventure* bowled along pleasantly before it almost on an even keel. Captain Gillop mixed with the little group of male passengers on the quarter-deck, restored to his sweetest temper; and set them his customary example, after dinner, of smoking a cigar.

"If this fine weather lasts, gentlemen," he said, "we shall make out very well with our meals up here, and we shall have our two small extra cabin passengers christened on dry land in a week's time, if their mothers approve of it. How do you feel in your mind, Sir, about your good lady?"

Mr. Smallchild (to whom the inquiry was addressed) had his points of external personal resemblance to Simon Heavysides. He was neither so tall nor so lean, certainly—but he, too, had a Roman nose, and light hair, and watery blue eyes. With careful reference to his peculiar habits at sea, he had been placed conveniently close to the bulwark, and had been raised on a heap of old sails and cushions, so that he could easily get his head over the ship's side when occasion required. The food and drink which assisted in "restoring his tissue," when he was not asleep and not "squaring accounts with the sea," lay close to his hand. It was then a little after three o'clock; and the snore with which Mr. Smallchild answered the captain's inquiry showed that he had got round again, with the regularity of clock-work, to the period of the day when he recruited himself with sleep.

"What an insensible blockhead that man is!" said Mr. Sims, the middle-aged passenger, looking across the deck contemptuously at Mr. Smallchild.

"If the sea had the same effect on you that it has on him," retorted the invalid passenger, Mr. Purling, "you would just be as insensible yourself."

Mr. Purling (who was a man of sentiment) disagreed with Mr. Sims (who was a man of business) on every conceivable subject, all through the voyage. Before, however, they could continue the dispute about Mr. Smallchild, the doctor surprised them by appearing from the cabin.

"Any news from below, Jolly?" asked the captain, anxiously.

"None whatever," answered the doctor. "I've come to idle the afternoon away up here, along with the rest of you."

As events turned out, Mr. Jolly idled away an hour and a half exactly. At the end of that time Mrs. Drabble, the stewardess, appeared with a face of mystery, and whispered, nervously, to the doctor,

"Please to step below directly, Sir."

"Which of them is it?" asked Mr. Jolly.

"*Both* of them," answered Mrs. Drabble, emphatically.

The doctor looked grave; the stewardess looked frightened. The two immediately disappeared together.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said Captain Gillop, addressing Mr. Purling, Mr. Sims, and the first mate, who had just joined the party—"I suppose it's only fit and proper, in the turn things have taken, to shake up Mr. Smallchild? And I don't doubt but what we ought to have the other husband handy, as a sort of polite attention under the circumstances. Pass the word forward there, for Simon Heavysides. Mr. Smallchild, Sir! rouse up! Here's your good lady— Hang me, gentlemen, if I know exactly how to put it to him."

"Yes. Thank you," said Mr. Smallchild, opening his eyes drowsily. "Biscuit and cold bacon, as usual—when I'm ready. I'm not ready yet. Thank you. Good-afternoon." Mr. Smallchild closed his eyes again, and became, in the doctor's phrase, "totally comatose."

Before Captain Gillop could hit on any new plan for rousing this imperturbable passenger, Simon Heavysides once more approached the quarter-deck.

"I spoke a little sharp to you, just now, my man," said the captain, "being worried in my mind by what's going on aboard this vessel. But I'll make it up to you, never fear. Here's your wife in, what they call, an interesting situation. It's only right you should be within easy hail of her. I look upon you, Heavysides, as a steerage passenger in difficulties; and I freely give you leave to stop here along with us till it's all over."

"You are very good, Sir," said Simon; "and I am indeed thankful to you and to these gentlemen. But, please to remember, I have seven children already in the steerage—and there's nobody left to mind 'em but me. My wife has got over it uncommonly well, Sir, on seven previous occasions—and I don't doubt but what she'll conduct herself in a similar manner on the eighth. It will be a satisfaction to her mind, Captain Gillop and gentlemen, if she knows I'm out of the way, and minding the children. For which reason, I respectfully take my leave." With those words Simon made his bow, and returned to his family.

"Well, gentlemen, these two husbands take it easy enough, at any rate!" said the captain. "One of them is used to it, to be sure; and the other is—"

Here a banging of cabin doors below, and a hurrying of footsteps, startled the speaker and his audience into momentary silence and attention.

"Ease her with the helm, Williamson!" said Captain Gillop, addressing the man who was steering the vessel. "In my opinion, gentlemen, the less the ship pitches the better, in the turn things are taking now."

The afternoon wore on into evening, and evening into night.

Mr. Smallchild performed the daily ceremonies of his nautical existence as punctually as usual. He was aroused to a sense of Mrs. Smallchild's situation when he took his biscuit and bacon; lost the sense again when the time came round for "squaring his accounts;" recovered it in the interval which ensued before he went to sleep; lost it again, as a matter of course, when his eyes closed once more—and so on through the evening and early night. Simon Heavysides received messages occasionally (through the captain's care), telling him to keep his mind easy; returned messages mentioning that his mind was easy, and that the children were pretty quiet, but never approached the deck in his own person. Mr. Jolly now and then showed himself; said "All right—no news;" took a little light refreshment, and disappeared again as cheerful as ever. The fair breeze still held; the captain's temper remained unruffled; the man at the helm eased the vessel, from time to time, with the most anxious consideration. Ten o'clock came: the moon rose and shone superbly; the nightly grog made its appearance on the quarter-deck; the captain gave the passengers the benefit of his company; and still nothing happened. Twenty minutes more of suspense slowly succeeded each other—and then, at last, Mr. Jolly was seen suddenly to ascend the cabin stairs.

To the amazement of the little group on the quarter-deck, the doctor held Mrs. Drabble, the stewardess, fast by the arm, and, without taking the slightest notice of the captain or the passengers, placed her on the nearest seat he could find. As he did this his face became visible in the moonlight, and displayed to the startled spectators an expression of blank consternation.

"Compose yourself, Mrs. Drabble," said the doctor, in tones of unmistakable alarm. "Keep quiet, and let the air blow over you. Collect yourself, ma'am—for Heaven's sake, collect your self!"

Mrs. Drabble made no answer. She beat her hands vacantly on her knees, and stared straight before her, like a woman panic-stricken.

"What's wrong?" asked the captain, setting down his glass of grog in dismay. "Any thing amiss with those two unfortunate women?"

"Nothing," said the doctor. "Both doing admirably well."

"Any thing queer with their babies?" continued the captain. "Are there more than you bargained for, Jolly? Twins, for instance?"

"No! no!" replied Mr. Jolly, impatiently. "A baby apiece—both boys—both in first-rate condition. Judge for yourselves," added the doctor, as the two new cabin passengers tried their lungs below for the first time, and found that they answered their purpose in the most satisfactory manner.

"What the devil's amiss, then, with you and Mrs. Drabble?" persisted the captain, beginning to lose his temper again.

"Mrs. Drabble and I are two innocent people, and we have got into the most dreadful scrape that ever you heard of?" was Mr. Jolly's startling answer.

The captain, followed by Mr. Purling and Mr. Sims, approached the doctor with looks of horror. Even the man at the wheel stretched him-

self over it as far as he could to hear what was coming next. The only uninterested person present was Mr. Smallchild. His time had come round for going to sleep again, and he was snoring peacefully, with his biscuit and bacon close beside him.

"Let's hear the worst of it at once, Jolly," said the captain, a little impatiently.

The doctor paid no heed to his request. His whole attention was absorbed by Mrs. Drabble. "Are you better now, ma'am?" he asked, anxiously.

"No better in my mind," answered Mrs. Drabble, beginning to beat her knees again. "Worse, if any thing."

"Listen to me," said Mr. Jolly, coaxingly. "I'll put the whole case over again to you, in a few plain questions. You'll find it all come back to your memory, if you only follow me attentively, and if you take time to think and collect yourself before you attempt to answer."

Mrs. Drabble bowed her head in speechless submission—and listened. Every body else on the quarter-deck listened, except the impenetrable Mr. Smallchild.

"Now, ma'am!" said the doctor. "Our troubles began in Mrs. Heavysides's cabin, which is situated on the starboard side of the ship?"

"They did, Sir," replied Mrs. Drabble.

"Good! We went backward and forward, an infinite number of times, between Mrs. Heavysides (starboard) and Mrs. Smallchild (larboard)—but we found that Mrs. Heavysides, having got the start, kept it—and when I called out, 'Mrs. Drabble! here's a chopping boy for you: come and take him!'—I called out starboard, didn't I?"

"Starboard, Sir—I'll take my oath of it," said Mrs. Drabble.

"Good again! 'Here's a chopping boy,' I said. 'Take him, ma'am, and make him comfortable in the cradle.' And you took him, and made him comfortable in the cradle, accordingly? Now where was the cradle?"

"In the main cabin, Sir," replied Mrs. Drabble.

"Just so! In the main cabin, because we hadn't got room for it in either of the sleeping-cabins. You put the starboard baby (otherwise Heavysides) in the clothes-basket cradle in the main cabin. Good once more. How was the cradle placed?"

"Crosswise to the ship, Sir," said Mrs. Drabble.

"Crosswise to the ship? That is to say, with one side longwise toward the stern of the vessel, and one side longwise toward the bows. Bear that in mind—and now follow me a little farther. No! no! don't say you can't, and your head's in a whirl. My next question will steady it. Carry your mind on half an hour, Mrs. Drabble. At the end of half an hour you heard my voice again; and my voice called out, 'Mrs. Drabble! here's another chopping boy for you: come and take him!'—and you came and took him larboard, didn't you?"

"Larboard, Sir, I don't deny it," answered Mrs. Drabble.

"Better and better! 'Here is another chopping boy,' I said. 'Take him, ma'am, and make him comfortable in the cradle, along with number one.' And you took the larboard baby (otherwise Smallchild), and made him comfortable in the cradle along with the starboard baby (otherwise Heavysides), accordingly? Now what happened after that?"

"Don't ask me, Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Drabble, losing her self-control, and wringing her hands desperately.

"Steady, ma'am! I'll put it to you as plain as print. Steady! and listen to me. Just as you had made the larboard baby comfortable I had occasion to send you into the starboard (or Heavysides) cabin to fetch something which I wanted in the larboard (or Smallchild) cabin; I kept you there a little while along with me; I left you and went into the Heavysides cabin, and called to you to bring me something I wanted out of the Smallchild cabin, but before you got half-way across the main cabin I said, 'No; stop where you are, and I'll come to you;' immediately after which Mrs. Smallchild alarmed you, and you came across to me of your own accord; and thereupon I stopped you in the main cabin, and said, 'Mrs. Drabble, your mind's getting confused; sit down and collect your scattered intellects:' and you sat down and tried to collect them—"

("And couldn't, Sir," interposed Mrs. Drabble, parenthetically. "Oh, my head! my head!")

—"And tried to collect your scattered intellects, and couldn't?" continued the doctor. "And the consequence was, when I came out from the Smallchild cabin to see how you were getting on, I found you with the clothes-basket cradle hoisted up on the cabin table, staring down at the babies inside, with your mouth dropped open, and both your hands twisted in your hair? And when I said, 'Any thing wrong with either of those two fine boys, Mrs. Drabble?' you caught me by the coat collar, and whispered in my right ear these words, 'Lord save us and help us, Mr. Jolly, I've confused the two babies in my mind, and I don't know which is which!'"

"And I don't know now!" cried Mrs. Drabble, hysterically. "Oh, my head! my head! I don't know now!"

"Captain Gillop and gentlemen," said Mr. Jolly, wheeling round and addressing his audience with the composure of sheer despair, "that is the Scrape—and, if you ever heard of a worse one, I'll trouble you to compose this miserable woman by mentioning it immediately."

Captain Gillop looked at Mr. Purling and Mr. Sims. Mr. Purling and Mr. Sims looked at Captain Gillop. They were all three thunderstruck—and no wonder.

"Can't *you* throw any light on it, Jolly?" inquired the captain, who was the first to recover himself.

"If you knew what I have had to do below, you wouldn't ask me such a question as that," replied the doctor. "Remember that I have had the lives of two women and two children to answer for—remember that I have been cramped up in two small sleeping-cabins, with hardly room to turn round in, and just light enough from two miserable little lamps to see my hand before me; remember the professional difficulties of the situation, the ship rolling about under me all the while, and the stewardess to compose into the bargain; bear all that in mind, will you, and then tell me how much spare time I had on my hands for comparing two boys together inch by inch—two boys born at night, within half an hour of each other, on board a ship at sea. Ha! ha! I only wonder the mothers and the boys and the doctor are all five of them alive to tell the story!"

"No marks on one or other of them, that happened to catch your eye?" asked Mr. Sims.

"They must have been strongish marks to catch my eye in the light I had to work by, and in the professional difficulties I had to grapple with," said the doctor. "I saw they were both straight, well-formed children—and that's all I saw."

"Are their infant features sufficiently developed to indicate a family likeness?" inquired Mr. Purling. "Should you say they took after their fathers or their mothers?"

"Both of them have light eyes, and light hair—such as it is," replied Mr. Jolly, doggedly. "Judge for yourself."

"Mr. Smallchild has light eyes and light hair," remarked Mr. Sims.

"And Simon Heavysides has light eyes and light hair," rejoined Mr. Purling.

"I should recommend waking Mr. Smallchild, and sending for Heavysides, and letting the two fathers toss up for it," suggested Mr. Sims.

"The parental feeling is not to be trifled with in that heartless manner," retorted Mr. Purling. "I should recommend trying the Voice of Nature."

"What may that be, Sir?" inquired Captain Gillop, with great curiosity.

"The maternal instinct," replied Mr. Purling. "The mother's intuitive knowledge of her own child."

"Ay, ay!" said the captain. "Well thought of. What do you say, Jolly, to the Voice of Nature?"

The doctor held up his hand impatiently. He was engaged in resuming the effort to rouse Mrs. Drabble's memory by a system of amateur cross-examination, with the unsatisfactory result of confusing her more hopelessly than ever.

Could she put the cradle back, in her own mind, into its original position? No. Could she remember whether she laid the starboard baby (otherwise Heavysides) on the side of the cradle nearest the stern of the ship, or nearest the bows? No. Could she remember any better about the larboard baby (otherwise Smallchild)? No. Why did she move the cradle on to the cabin table, and so bewilder herself additionally, when she was puzzled already? Because it came over her, on a sudden, that she had forgotten, in the dreadful confusion of the time, which was which; and of course she wanted to look closer at them, and see; and she couldn't see; and to her dying day she should never forgive herself; and let them throw her overboard, for a miserable wretch, if they liked—and so on, till the persevering doctor was wearied out at last, and gave up Mrs. Drabble, and gave up, with her, the whole case.

"I see nothing for it but the Voice of Nature," said the captain, holding fast to Mr. Purling's idea. "Try it, Jolly—you can but try it."

"Something must be done," said the doctor. "I can't leave the women alone any longer, and the moment I get below they will both ask for their babies. Wait here, till you're fit to be seen, Mrs. Drabble, and then follow me. Voice of Nature!" added Mr. Jolly, contemptuously, as he descended the cabin stairs. "Oh yes, I'll try it—much good the Voice of Nature will do us, gentlemen. You shall judge for yourselves."

Favored by the night, Mr. Jolly cunningly turned down the dim lamps in the sleeping-cabins to a mere glimmer, on the pretext that the light was bad for his patients' eyes. He then took up the first of the two unlucky babies that came to hand, marked the clothes in which it was wrapped with a blot of ink, and carried it in to Mrs. Smallchild, choosing her cabin merely because he happened to be nearest to it. The second baby (distinguished by having no mark) was taken by Mrs. Drabble to Mrs. Heavysides. For a certain time the two mothers and the two babies were left together. They were then separated again by medical order; and were afterward reunited, with the difference that the marked baby went on this occasion to Mrs. Heavysides, and the unmarked baby to Mrs. Smallchild—the result, in the obscurity of the sleeping-cabins, proving to be that one baby did just as well as the other, and that the Voice of Nature was (as Mr. Jolly had predicted) totally incompetent to settle the existing difficulty.

"While night serves us, Captain Gillop, we shall do very well," said the doctor, after he had duly reported the failure of Mr. Purling's suggested experiment. "But when morning comes, and daylight shows the difference between the children, we must be prepared with a course of some kind. If the two mothers below get the slightest suspicion of the case as it stands, the nervous shock of the discovery may do dreadful mischief. They must be kept deceived, in the interests of their own health. We must choose a baby for each of them when to-morrow comes, and then hold to the choice, till the mothers are well and up again. The question is, who's to take the responsibility? I don't usually stick at trifles—but I candidly admit that *I'm* afraid of it."

"I decline meddling in the matter, on the ground that I am a perfect stranger," said Mr. Sims.

"And I object to interfere, from precisely similar motives," added Mr. Purling, agreeing for the first time with a proposition that emanated from his natural enemy all through the voyage.

"Wait a minute, gentlemen," said Captain Gillop. "I've got this difficult matter, as I think, in its right bearings. We must make a clean breast of it to the husbands, and let *them* take the responsibility."

"I believe they won't accept it," observed Mr. Sims.

"And I believe they will," asserted Mr. Purling, relapsing into his old habits.

"If they won't," said the captain, firmly, "I'm master on board this ship—and, as sure as my name is Thomas Gillop, *I'll* take the responsibility!"

This courageous declaration settled all difficulties for the time being; and a council was held to decide on future proceedings. It was resolved to remain passive until the next morning, on the last faint chance that a few hours' sleep might compose Mrs. Drabble's bewildered memory. The babies were to be moved into the main cabin before the daylight grew bright—or, in other words, before Mrs. Smallchild or Mrs. Heavysides could identify the infant who had passed the night with her. The doctor and the captain were to be assisted by Mr. Purling, Mr. Sims, and the first mate, in the capacity of witnesses: and the assembly so constituted was to meet, in consideration of the emergency of the case, at six o'clock in the morning, punctually.

At six o'clock, accordingly, with the weather fine, and the wind still fair, the proceedings began. For the last time Mr. Jolly cross-examined Mrs. Drabble, assisted by the captain, and supervised by the witnesses. Nothing whatever was elicited from the unfortunate stewardess. The doctor pronounced her confusion to be chronic, and the captain and the witnesses unanimously agreed with him.

The next experiment tried was the revelation of the true state of the case to the husbands.

Mr. Smallchild happened, on this occasion, to be "squaring his accounts" for the morning; and the first articulate words which escaped him in reply to the disclosure, were, "Deviled biscuit and anchovy paste." Further perseverance merely elicited an impatient request that they would "pitch him overboard at once, and the two babies along with him." Serious remonstrance was tried next, with no better effect. "Settle it how you like," said Mr. Smallchild, faintly. "Do you leave it to me, Sir, as commander of this vessel?" asked Captain Gillop. (No answer.) "Nod your head, Sir, if you can't speak." Mr. Smallchild nodded his head roundwise on his pillow—and fell asleep. "Does that count for leave to me to act?" asked Captain Gillop of the witnesses. And the witnesses answered, decidedly, Yes.

The ceremony was then repeated with Simon Heavysides, who responded, as became so intelligent a man, with a proposal of his own for solving the difficulty.

"Captain Gillop and gentlemen," said the carpenter, with fluent and melancholy politeness, "I should wish to consider Mr. Smallchild before myself in this matter. I am quite willing to part with my baby (whichever he is); and I respectfully propose that Mr. Smallchild should take *both* the children, and so make quite sure that he has really got possession of his own son."

The only immediate objection to this ingenious proposition was started by the doctor, who sarcastically inquired of Simon "what he thought Mrs. Heavysides would say to it?" The carpenter confessed that this consideration had escaped him, and that Mrs. Heavysides was only too likely to be an irremovable obstacle in the way of the proposed arrangement. The witnesses all thought so too; and Heavysides and his idea were dismissed together, after Simon had first gratefully expressed his entire readiness to leave it all to the captain.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Captain Gillop. "As commander on board, I reckon next after the husbands in the matter of responsibility. I have considered this difficulty in all its bearings, and I'm prepared to deal with it. The Voice of Nature (which you proposed, Mr. Purling) has been found to fail. The tossing up for it (which you proposed, Mr. Sims) doesn't square altogether with my notions of what's right in a very serious business. No, Sir! I've got my own plan; and I'm now about to try it. Follow me below, gentlemen, to the steward's pantry."

The witnesses looked round on one another in the profoundest astonishment—and followed.

"Pickerel," said the captain, addressing the steward, "bring out the scales."

The scales were of the ordinary kitchen sort, with a tin tray on one side to hold the commodity to be weighed, and a stout iron slab on the other to support the weights. Pickerel placed these scales upon a neat little pantry table, fitted on the ball-and-socket principle, so as to save the breaking of crockery by swinging with the motion of the ship.

"Put a clean duster in the tray," said the captain. "Doctor," he continued, when this had been done, "shut the doors of the sleeping-berths (for fear of the women hearing any thing), and oblige me by bringing those two babies in here."

"Oh, Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Drabble, who had been peeping guiltily into the pantry—"oh, don't hurt the little dears! If any body suffers, let it be me!"

"Hold your tongue, if you please, ma'am," said the captain. "And keep the secret of these proceedings, if you wish to keep your place. If the ladies ask for their children, say they will have them in ten minutes' time."

The doctor came in, and set down the clothes-basket cradle on the pantry floor. Captain Gillop immediately put on his spectacles, and closely examined the two unconscious innocents who lay beneath him.

"Six of one, and half a dozen of the other," said the captain. "I don't see any difference between them. Wait a bit, though! Yes, I do. One's a bald baby. Very good. We'll begin with that one. Doctor, strip the bald baby, and put him in the scales."

The bald baby protested—in his own language—but in vain. In two minutes he was flat on his back in the tin tray, with the clean duster under him to take the chill off.

"Weigh him accurately, Pickerel," continued the captain. "Weigh him, if necessary, to an eighth of an ounce. Gentlemen! watch this proceeding closely; it's a very important one."

While the steward was weighing and the witnesses were watching, Captain Gillop asked his first mate for the log-book of the ship, and for pen and ink.

"How much, Pickerel?" asked the captain, opening the book.

"Seven pounds one ounce and a quarter," answered the steward.

"Right, gentlemen?" pursued the captain.

"Quite right," said the witnesses.

"Bald child—distinguished as Number One—weight, seven pounds one ounce and a quarter (avoirdupois)," repeated the captain, writing down the entry in the log-book. "Very good. We'll put the bald baby back now, doctor, and try the hairy one next."

The hairy one protested—also in his own language—and also in vain.

"How much, Pickerel?" asked the captain.

"Six pounds fourteen ounces and three-quarters," replied the steward.

"Right, gentlemen?" inquired the captain.

"Quite right," answered the witnesses.

"Hairy child—distinguished as Number Two—weight, six pounds fourteen ounces and three-quarters (avoirdupois)," repeated, and wrote, the captain. "Much obliged to you, Jolly—that will do. When you have got the other baby back in the cradle, tell Mrs. Drabble neither of them must be taken out of it till further orders; and then be so good as to join me and these gentlemen on deck. If any thing of a discussion rises up among us, we won't run the risk of being heard in the sleeping-berths." With these words Captain Gillop led the way on deck, and the first mate followed with the log-book and the pen and ink.

"Now, gentlemen," began the captain, when the doctor had joined the assembly, "my first mate will open these proceedings by reading from the log a statement which I have written myself, respecting this business, from beginning to end. If you find it all equally correct with the statement of what the two children weigh, I'll trouble you to sign it, in your quality of witnesses, on the spot."

The first mate read the narrative, and the witnesses signed it, as perfectly correct. Captain Gillop then cleared his throat, and addressed his expectant audience in these words:

"You'll all agree with me, gentlemen, that justice is justice, and that like must to like. Here's my ship of five hundred tons, fitted with her spars accordingly. Say she's a schooner of a hundred and fifty tons, the veriest landsman among you, in that case, wouldn't put such masts as these into her. Say, on the other hand, she's an Indiaman of a thousand tons, would our spars (excellent good sticks as they are, gentlemen) be suitable for a vessel of that capacity? Certainly not. A schooner's spars to a schooner, and a ship's spars to a ship, in fit and fair proportion."

Here the captain paused, to let the opening of his speech sink well into the minds of the audience. The audience encouraged him with the parliamentary cry of "Hear! hear!" The captain went on:

"In the serious difficulty which now besets us, gentlemen, I take my stand on the principle which I have just stated to you. And my decision is as follows: Let us give the heaviest of the two babies to the heaviest of the two women; and let the lightest then fall, as a matter of course, to the other. In a week's time, if this weather holds, we shall all (please God) be in port; and if there's a better way out of this mess than *my* way, the parsons and lawyers ashore may find it, and welcome."

With those words the captain closed his oration; and the assembled council immediately sanctioned the proposal submitted to them, with all the unanimity of men who had no idea of their own to set up in opposition.

Mr. Jolly was next requested (as the only available authority) to settle the question of weight between Mrs. Smallchild and Mrs. Heavysides, and decided it, without a moment's hesitation, in favor of the carpenter's wife, on the indisputable ground that she was the tallest and stoutest woman of the two. Thereupon the bald baby, "distinguished as Number One," was taken into Mrs. Heavysides's cabin; and the hairy baby, "distinguished as Number Two," was accorded to Mrs. Smallchild; the Voice of Nature, neither in the one case nor in the other, raising the slightest objection to the captain's principle of distribution. Before seven o'clock Mr. Jolly reported that the mothers and sons, larboard and starboard, were as happy and comfortable as any four people on board ship could possibly wish to be; and the captain thereupon dismissed the council with these parting remarks:

"We'll get the studding-sails on the ship now, gentlemen, and make the best of our way to port. Breakfast, Pickerel, in half an hour, and plenty of it! I doubt if that unfortunate Mrs. Drabble has heard the last of this business yet. We must

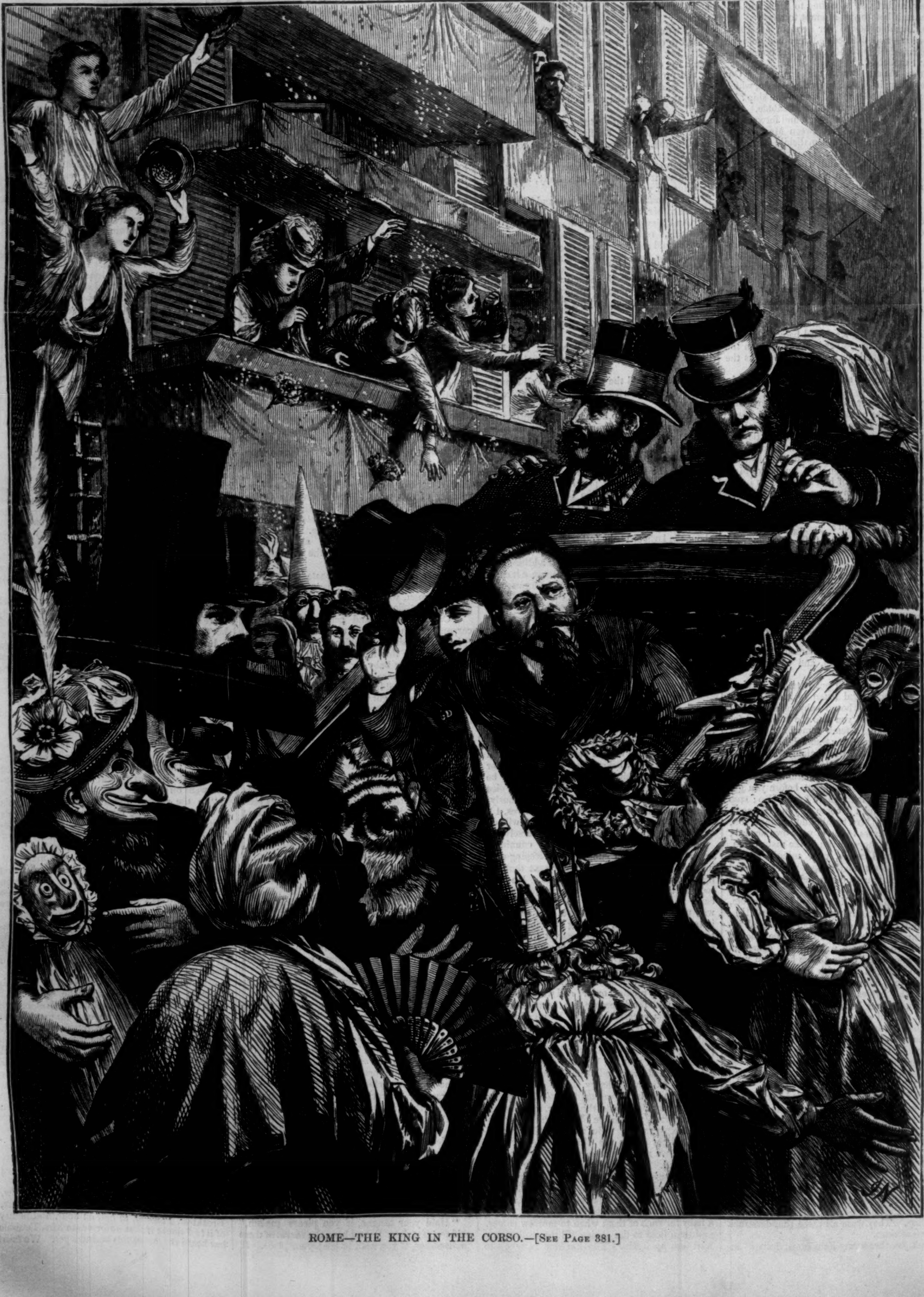
all lend a hand, gentlemen, and pull her through if we can. In other respects the job's over, so far as we are concerned; and the parsons and lawyers must settle it ashore."

The parsons and the lawyers did nothing of the sort, for the plain reason that nothing was to be done. In ten days the ship was in port, and the news was broken to the two mothers. Each one of the two adored her baby, after ten days' experience of it—and each one of the two was in Mrs. Drabble's condition of not knowing which was which.

Every test was tried. First, the test by the doctor, who only repeated what he had told the captain. Secondly, the test by personal resemblance; which failed in consequence of the light hair, blue eyes, and Roman noses shared in common by the fathers, and the light hair, blue eyes, and no noses worth mentioning shared in common by the children. Thirdly, the test of Mrs. Drabble, which began and ended in fierce talking on one side and floods of tears on the other. Fourthly, the test by legal decision, which broke down through the total absence of any instructions for the law to act on. Fifthly, and lastly, the test by appeal to the husbands, which fell to the ground in consequence of the husbands knowing nothing about the matter in hand. The captain's barbarous test by weight remained the test still—and here am I, a man of the lower order, without a penny to bless myself with, in consequence.

Yes! I was the bald baby of that memorable period. My excess in weight settled my destiny in life. The fathers and mothers on either side kept the babies according to the captain's principle of distribution, in despair of knowing what else to do. Mr. Smallchild, who was sharp enough when not seasick, made his fortune. Simon Heavysides persisted in increasing his family, and died in the work-house.

Judge for yourself (as Mr. Jolly might say) how the two boys born at sea have fared in after-life. I, the bald baby, have seen nothing of the hairy baby for years past. He may be short, like Mr. Smallchild—but I happen to know that he is wonderfully like Heavysides, deceased, in the face. I may be tall, like the carpenter—but I have the Smallchild eyes, hair, and expression, notwithstanding. Make what you can of that! You will find it come in the end to the same thing. Smallchild, junior, prospers in the world, because he weighed six pounds fourteen ounces and three-quarters. Heavysides, junior, fails in the world, because he weighed seven pounds one ounce and a quarter. Such is destiny, and such is life. I'll never forgive *my* destiny as long as I live. There is my grievance. I wish you good-morning.



ROME—THE KING IN THE CORSO.—[SEE PAGE 381.]

ROME—THE POPE IN THE VATICAN.

THE POPE IN THE VATICAN.

SINCE the occupation of Rome by the Italian government Pope PIUS IX. has passed a very secluded life within the walls of the Vatican, where he tries to persuade the world he is kept an unhappy prisoner by the King, whom he styles a usurper and tyrant. It must not be imagined that the Vatican is a silent, unpeopled place, or in any way like a prison. On the contrary, it is a town without streets, and at the present time over 3000 persons inhabit its fourteen court-yards and 12,000 rooms. There are beautiful gardens, where the Pope can enjoy the flower-scented atmosphere, and listen to the silvery splashing of beautiful fountains; there are magnificent galleries where he can linger among pictures, or muse among relics of art and history, cold statues, and unsympathetic busts.

An Italian paper thus describes his course of life previous to his recent illness: "When it is not a day for audiences he usually first confers with Cardinal ANTONELLI on political questions, and then with the Cardinal-Vicar PATRIZZI on Church matters. The Pope very willingly gives audiences, as it pleases him to see people, and to show himself surrounded by his court, which is the most ceremonious in the world. The prevailing color in the costumes is scarlet, and the Pope alone is clothed in white. After the audience PIUS IX. goes into the garden and walks about till two o'clock, with two guards in front, one of his stewards by his side, and two privy chamberlains, dressed in medieval Spanish costume, behind him. After mass he reads his letters, a great number of which come daily from foreign emperors, kings, and other high personages. He also receives several letters from VICTOR EMANUEL; these he reads first, and he often smiles at their contents. Sometimes he answers the letters himself, either in Latin or in French. His handwriting is small and clear, and resembles that of a woman. When he has done with his correspondence he has the newspapers read to him, especially the *Roman Chronicle* and the comic paper *Fanfulla*, and his countenance expresses great glee when a hit is made at the government or the municipal council. The Pope also has the caricatures of the day brought to him, and he likes to make comments on them, knowing that his witticisms will be repeated. At 10 P.M. the Pope dismisses his courtiers for the night." For some months he has been in very feeble health, age and disappointment telling severely upon him.

THE KING IN THE CORSO.

THE illustration on page 380 shows King VICTOR EMANUEL in the Corso at Rome during the Carnival. His carriage is surrounded by a crowd of loyal maskers, who take advantage of the license of the festival to stare at his Majesty with

the freedom and privilege which the old proverb accords to cats. One of the maskers is presenting the King with an imperial crown of olives. Behind the King are two pompous flunkeys; even their dignity is not spared, for an impudent masker, dressed as a peasant girl, is actually offering one of them a chaste salute. Another has his hat ornamented with grass and poppies, and carries a doll. Every feature of the picture indicates festivity and popular enthusiasm.

A RECALL.

COME from the south with hurrying feet,
O breezes soft! O breezes sweet!
And let your fragrant kisses bring
New blushes to the face of Spring.

Blow hence the chill from empty nests;
Blow hither now our singing guests,
And lift the covering of snow
From violets that sleep below.

The streams upon their errands run,
And leap and sparkle in the sun;
The mountain-sides with laughter shake,
And from their feet the shackles break:

The earth in robes of joy appears,
Becoming to her state and years,
When from the south the bugles blow
That break the reign of frost and snow.

Come, then, and bid the world renew
Its beauteous garniture of dew,
And let your warm embraces start
The pulses of her burdened heart.

Come from the south with hurrying feet,
O breezes soft! O breezes sweet!
Let the glad earth rejoice ere long
In wealth of fragrance and of song.

A MONEY-LENDER'S LOVE.

I.—BLANCHE HARDWICKE'S RESOLUTION.

PENNILESS! Reader, do you know what it is to be penniless? I hope not. I hope no one I am addressing has ever stood as Blanche Hardwicke did one bright September day five years ago—penniless—knowing that, unless she herself individually could gain her livelihood, she must starve. The dazzling sun streamed in through the window; all nature looked bright and gay; the pretty cottage seemed the abode of happy, prosperous people, while from within rose Blanche's despairing cry, "What shall we do?"

She made a wonderful picture, that handsome girl, as she stood, her magnificent figure drawn up to its full height; the masses of golden hair gleaming in the sun, in striking contrast to the dark eyes, now softening into tears, now flashing with fierce scorn; intense excitement flushing into deeper brilliance the delicate complexion; one slender hand clinched, as if facing a bodily foe, instead of the pale spectre of want.

There were three persons in that room—a father and two daughters. The room itself—a long narrow one, formed of two small rooms, with the folding-doors between thrown back—betokened better days. Yonder velvet sofa, with carved oak supports, would suit a spacious hall; that inlaid writing-table, and the cabinet mounted in ormolu, with Sèvres china plaques let into its doors, befitted the saloon of a country house rather than the only sitting-room of a cottage; feminine good taste was visible in the freshly gathered flowers, in the dainty arrangement of ornaments; these latter were simple and inexpensive enough, all that were salable had long ago been converted into money; what remained were only a few photograph stands and books, pretty vases and boxes, the thousand and one knickknacks which nice women collect wherever they go.

To sore straits had that family been reduced, though Ralph Hardwicke had as good blood as any in England running through his veins. Starting with a younger son's portion, he invested that portion in a bank, became the junior partner, and for many years went on prosperously. He had no particular talents, and little energy, so he made no great fortune, but had a comfortable income, spending the same as it was gained year by year. Ralph was not the man to lay by for a rainy day, or to provide for his two daughters.

Mrs. Hardwicke had died years before, when her youngest child was a baby.

Suddenly, four years before my story begins, a commercial panic occurred; credit was shaken all over the country. Many firms could not stand the shock; among others, Turner and Hardwicke's Provincial Bank. It stopped payment; the creditors had a meeting; three of them undertook the management; affairs were wound up. There had been no wild speculating, so ultimately fifteen shillings in the pound was paid; and at the last general meeting, there being a balance of four thousand pounds still remaining, the creditors unanimously agreed that this sum, being too small to be divided with profit among so many, should be presented to the former partners. So Mr. Hardwicke at sixty found himself the possessor of two thousand pounds, some valuable family plate, and the handsome furniture of his country house.

Many men upon this would have worked and raised a second fortune; but his unexpected disaster seemed to have knocked all intellect, nay, all common-sense and manliness, out of Ralph Hardwicke.

At the time of the crash his daughters were mere girls—Ellen twenty, Blanche eighteen—inexperienced girls, knowing nothing of the world outside the circle of country society in which they lived; naturally they acquiesced in any arrangements their father made. In their feminine department—the management of the house, the curtailing of servants and expenses—they saved and directed; displaying talents, energy, and self-denial that it would have been well for all had Ralph imitated.

The Hardwickes moved to a small house in the same county, and Ralph made feeble efforts to obtain employment; writing a few letters to influential friends, asking for government appointments, firmly convinced, as he applied for each, that the place would become his, though frequently not taking the trouble to find out the necessary qualifications; then sinking into despair at the answer, generally a kind courteous letter, only pointing out that the applicant must, by rule, be a lawyer, or a clergyman, or under forty years of age, or mentioning some other bar which ought to have struck Ralph himself before applying. So the Hardwickes lived for months. At first the girls went among their acquaintances as of old, thinking, in their innocence of the world, "Why should our being poor make any difference?" It did, though; where does it not? Some friends were very kind, others grew cold and distant; somehow the very kindness galled the proud young spirits, unable to brook many a favor that, seeming natural in older days, now weighed with leaden power on the hot sensitive tempers.

It was with more relief than pain when, startled by Ralph's announcement that he had only fifteen hundred pounds left, his daughters agreed to leave their present house, and go to a town on the southern coast, where people said things were cheaper.

Some furniture was sold (half had been disposed of on leaving the original home); the money so obtained took them and their remaining household goods to the little watering-place. Once settled there, Ellen and Blanche held many consultations, with little result, save the growing conviction that they must depend on themselves and think for themselves; that their father was incapable of acting or planning with the least judgment. I say Ellen and Blanche, but the latter was the moving spirit in all.

Ellen Hardwicke was a pleasing-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman, with little remarkable in appearance or manner; casual people were apt to forget her existence, unaware of the noble spirit within—the spirit that bore trials so bravely, that shed a comforting, cheering influence around, that was full of unenvying admiration, of strong deep love, for the sister who, throughout her life, had been all in all to Ellen. Blanche returned the affection strongly, though hers was a very different nature, fiery and impulsive, with strong passions and talents of no ordinary power, joined to great decision and habits of quick invention and resource; hers was a character more fitted to battle with the world than quiet Ellen's; so gradually, as troubles increased, Blanche came to the fore, till she stood the virtual director of every thing, Ralph being only too thankful to lean on her decision and fearless acceptance of responsibility—so comfortable to his feeble indolent nature—and leaving him the grand excuse, if things went wrong, of "You told me so," or "Blanche said it was to be done, so I did it."

It would take too long to tell how things grew worse and worse; how Ralph, tempted by a newspaper advertisement—offering thirty per cent.—flung his money into the hands of a plausible scamp, who paid the first quarter's interest, decamping before the next was due; how the plate was pawned bit by bit—Ralph could not make up his mind to sell it outright; how often they moved, selling pieces of furniture at each move, their last move being to the Heath, a cottage some dozen miles from London.

All this time the money grew less and less, till at last Ralph could only count ten pounds, and the last month's bills unpaid. Then they tried to raise money on a bill of sale of the furniture. After numerous efforts, Ralph came home (the September morning mentioned before) in despair, after a visit to the most likely money-lender, a man reputed to be enormously rich. Mr. Hardwicke sank into a chair.

"There, it's no use, he won't lend the money."

Blanche started up.

"Oh, papa! it seemed all settled yesterday; why won't he now?"

"I know that," Ralph answered, moodily; "but he won't now. He asked how it would be repaid, and I told him of that money in Stuart's hands; he said that might not be realized. I dare say you'll think it was my bad management."

Blanche was too anxious, too perplexed, to care for her father's injured tone, as she would have done at another time. Ralph always liked to think his daughters blamed him, though in reality they bore with him, and thought and worked for him, as few would have done. Now Blanche exclaimed,

"But Mr. Stuart will pay, he *must* before twelve months; and you only asked for the money to be lent till then. Oh, surely it can be managed."

"I did my best, I can't do more. I don't believe you could have got Stanton to lend it yourself, any more than me; but I wish you'd try, you've such a confident way of speaking. He might believe you—he didn't me; but he might a woman."

And Ralph looked half frightened at his daughter as he made this proposal. He thought, "If Blanche would go and ask, with her good looks, and the way she has, the man might do it;" but he did not like to put his thoughts into words.

Blanche and Ellen strongly objected to this idea, naturally considering, if any of them had to see money-lenders, it ought to be Ralph, not his daughters; but he had already managed so badly, besides being, as Blanche confessed only to herself, so silly, that any one saw directly he could be taken in to any extent.

So at last, after some hours' discussion, Blanche agreed to go and try. She felt the task very hopeless, but it was just a chance, so she resolved to take it.

The next morning, Ralph and his daughter went to London, and drove to Southampton Street, where Mr. Stanton's office was. At the corner of the street Ralph got out of the cab, and started to walk back to the railway station, where his daughter was to rejoin him after the dreaded interview was over.

So alone, with a brave face but a sinking heart, Blanche Hardwicke was ushered into the presence of Mr. Stanton, the money-lender.

II.—THE MONEY-LENDER.

The money-lender rose. There must be some mistake; that could not be the money-lender—that tall, handsome man, with iron-gray hair, whiskers, and mustache, straight, well-cut features, and clear complexion, handsome still in spite of his sixty years.

At the first glance, the face was prepossessing; it required a longer inspection to detect the sharp distrustful look in the fine eyes, while the drooping mustache only half concealed the thick-lipped sensual mouth that, to a keen observer, told of a calculating, unscrupulous career, of vices systematically indulged in.

Not that Blanche saw all this, though Henry Stanton's appearance actually startled her. Where was the little snuffy-looking person with sharp ferret-like face, beady black eyes, shabby clothes, and skinny hands perpetually fumbling gold, or the hook-nosed Jew, with gaudy waistcoat and false jewelry, that somehow formed Blanche's only ideals of money-lenders?

Mr. Stanton was dressed in an irreproachably-fitting frock-coat and gray trowsers, and had no jewelry apparent save two rings—an unpretending signet on one hand, while a magnificent diamond, very plainly set, sparkled on the other. He looked almost gentlemanly as he rose and bowed, his face scarcely concealing its surprise. It was seldom a lady visited that dingy office; never before had such a radiant vision as Blanche Hardwicke, in the splendor of her young beauty, appeared there. Now that she had got there, Blanche hardly knew what to say. She stood hesitating; then glanced at Stanton, hoping he would ask what she wanted; but he only drew forward a chair, saying, "Pray be seated," and waited for her to speak.

Blanche was horribly puzzled, and, it must be confessed, frightened too: a strong inclination possessed her to run out of the room. It was mastered by the recollection of her father, of their poverty, of that dreadful twenty-pound debt; and resolving, "I will speak; he can't hurt me," she began:

"Are you Mr. Stanton?" He bowed.

"I am Miss Hardwicke." He bowed again.

Why did he bow like that? why couldn't he speak? How aggravating it was! The aggravation did good, though; it gave her courage. The effort to conceal her fear imparted unusual decision to her manner, while her voice sounded haughty, almost imperious—very unlike a suppliant—as she spoke:

"I have come to see if any thing can be done about the bill of sale Mr. Hardwicke, my father, wants. Can you not advance the money?" She paused.

It was Stanton's turn to feel embarrassed. It was a very different thing, refusing Mr. Hardwicke's security, from explaining the matter to his daughter; while as he replied, with his eyes fixed on the lovely face before him, his admiration deepened, till his words grew confused. Overriding every thing was the thought: "What a beautiful girl! I never saw any one like her. They said old Hardwicke was well born; his daughter might be a queen. And they are so poor!" These were Henry Stanton's thoughts; his words were:

"Indeed, Miss Hardwicke, I am very sorry. I discussed the whole matter with your father, and I don't see quite how it can be managed. You see, I might never get a farthing back."

Here a flash out of Blanche's fine eyes warned him of dangerous ground.

"I don't doubt your wish to pay—indeed I don't; so you need not look so angry—but many things might happen. In business we are obliged to be careful, and can not do every thing we like, though I should like to oblige such a beautiful young lady."

He came a step forward, strong admiration in his face. The hot blood rushed into Blanche's cheek. What business had this man, this money-lender, to pay compliments, to look at her like that? She had come to talk about money. She drew herself up, speaking coldly:

"If you will not lend the money, of course I must apply elsewhere; but the money would have been repaid, or I would not say so."

The haughty tone said plainly, "My word ought to be enough." She turned to the door; she had failed. How different this interview had been from the one she had planned! How carefully she had meant to have stated the case; how clearly pointed out the security; how thoroughly convinced her hearer! And now the sense of failure weighed painfully. Half-way to the door she stopped, came a step back, her face softened, an imploring look in the dark eyes; and in a voice gentle, almost piteous:

"Can you tell me the people to ask? I know these things are done. Will you not help me so far?"

Oh, why did she do it? what miserable impulse tempted her to try that last effort?

All through the strange interview three ideas had been wildly rushing in Henry Stanton's brain—"How lovely she is!" "What a position her beauty and blood, with my money, might gain! She asks for this paltry sum. If thousands were offered, would she take them? would they tempt her?"

While Blanche stood haughtily, he felt he dare not try—he could almost hear the scornful answer; but when she made that last appeal—when the hitherto flashing eyes looked up at him gently, imploring his help "just so far"—a hot flush of passion swept over his face; he came forward with the air of a man resolved to strike a daring blow for a heavy stake.

"I will help you, if you will let me. There is one way. You will not like it, but it will secure riches and comfort; every thing you can wish." He looked keenly at her; then repeated: "Riches—thousands a year for yourself, to do what you like with; plenty for your father and sister, if you will only choose to do it."

Blanche's eyes sparkled.

"What is it? Tell me. I would do any thing—any thing," she repeated, flushing with excitement. "What can I do?"

"Will you sit down, and listen to my plan?"

Stanton came and stood opposite, his eyes fixed on her face, noting keenly every expression. Blanche's was an easy face to read; she had never schooled her impulsive nature to conceal any thing. The sharp experienced man of the world read every expression like a book.

"Miss Hardwicke, supposing you could become very rich by marrying, would you do it?"

Blanche looked bewildered.

"Marry! Who? what?"

"I am a rich man; will you marry me? Stop! hear me out," as he saw the indignant refusal rising to her lips. "You promised to listen to my plan. I don't expect you to agree at first. I know I am not what you call a gentleman born, and am sixty, and all that; but you have blood enough for both, and shall have money to buy every thing you may fancy, every thing you had in your old life; ay, ten times more—horses, carriages, jewelry. I will put it plainly before you. If I give up business to-morrow—and I will do it; I know well enough Miss Hardwicke will not be a money-lender's wife; I shall be no money-lender when you marry me: believe me, when a fortune is made, few care to inquire how it was done—I shall have more than two hundred thousand pounds—mind, that is ten thousand a year—see what you might do upon that, with your beauty and connections. Your father and sister shall never want any thing. No more bills of sale, no more selling furniture." He had plenty of tact, that man; he saw where the prospect tempted, and pressed that point. "Think; you can give what you please to them; they shall live with you, if you like. My wife shall have a thousand a year paid to her, and I will never even ask how she spends it: won't that amply provide for them?"

He paused. Though ambition and strong sensual admiration—above all, the calculation, "Here's the opportunity to get the very wife I want—handsome, well-born—and cheaply too"—though these combined prompted this strange proposal, he was not all bad, this money-lender, in spite of his hard, pitiless profession. Now a feeling of pity for the girl so plainly asked to sell herself—to sacrifice her every happiness for money—money to save herself and family—stole over him, softening the business tone of his voice.

"It seems hard to you, but, believe me, girls marry for money every day, and are very happy, and—and—" He hesitated; then advanced till he stood quite close: for once his face looked honest and true. "If you say yes, I will be kind to you; ay, far kinder than you think now I could ever be."

All this time Blanche sat, outwardly quiet, passionate feeling making wild work in her mind. At first: "I never will do it! Marry a man like that—a low-born, disreputable money-lender, who I dare say got his money by taking people in: perhaps he's trying to take me in. I don't believe he is at all rich, horrid man! and poor Willie in India. I won't do it." Then: "What shall we do to get the money? Papa said, if Mr. Stanton wouldn't lend it, no one would. Of course he won't even tell me who to ask when I've refused him. And the butcher—how are we to pay the bill? We shall have to be governesses; Nelly said it would come to that. It will kill her to be one. If the man was only a gentleman! And Willie, I know he likes me, but he could never provide for Nelly, darling Nelly—though he and I might get on. What would become of her? Lots of people marry for money; are they all miserable, I wonder? It would be nice to have no bills, no troublesome tradesmen; and with Nelly and papa it might not be so bad; and Willie would know I was obliged to do it; I had not given him up really. Would it be very horrid, I wonder? Would Mr. Stanton beat or half kill me?"

Just at this moment, as if answering the unspoken question, came Stanton's "I will be very kind to you;" and looking in his face, Blanche almost believed him. Almost, I say; there was still some distrust. His quick eye noted it—noted that his cause was nearly won—and spoke quickly.

"Whatever you decide, I will lend your father the money you came to ask about, if only to make you think less hardly of me."

This turned the wavering scale. To the momentary thought, "If we get the money, I need not marry him," succeeded, "What a shame that would be, when it really is generous of him! He can't be bad-hearted to offer this, when he can't know what I shall say. I will do it." She rose. "You will promise about papa and Ellen?"

The flush of triumph mounted to his brow; he had won.

"Certainly," he replied; "you shall have it in writing. I will not expect you to take only promises; every thing shall be drawn up, so that a lawyer even would be satisfied."

"Thank you," Blanche answered, gravely, putting out her hand.

As Stanton took the hand, with old-fashioned courtesy raising it to his lips, one of those flashes of humor, that sometimes come in the gravest

moments from the heaviest hearts, struck her. "How odd it all was! like a scene in a burlesque." She looked up archly, a merry smile parting her lips.

"Suppose I am a regular virago?"

Stanton laughed too.

"I'll take my chance of that! you don't look like one."

"Ah, but looks are deceptive."

Her ease emboldened him; she had forgotten the man was not a gentleman. He leaned forward to kiss her; Blanche drew back, shuddering, all merriment banished now.

"Don't! oh, don't!" Then recollecting: "Indeed, I don't mean to be cross; but—but"—she looked imploringly at him—"do give me time! I can't realize it yet; please let me go home now."

Stanton saw his mistake, and, savage as he felt, kept his temper wonderfully. It galled him fiercely to mark the change from the bright haughty girl, who had faced him so boldly when penniless and asking for money, to the grave embarrassed woman, looking at him half timidly, speaking so hesitatingly, so plainly feeling the degradation of that bargain, though she was to gain ten thousand a year by it.

To Blanche's last words Stanton answered,

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hardwicke; I will do whatever you wish."

He went to his desk, wrote a few words, handed the slip of paper to her.

"It is a check for the money your father wants." Then, walking to the window, looked out. "Your cab is at the door; allow me to take you to it."

Blanche took his arm. At the door she paused, and put out her hand.

"Thank you; you have been very kind. Please don't be angry, or think me ungrateful. Good-by."

As Henry Stanton stood and watched the cab drive away, his brow grew black, a bitter sarcasm curled his lips, and he muttered between his clinched teeth,

"For all that, she thinks she has sold herself to a sweep."

III.—THE DIE IS CAST.

It would take too long to tell of Ralph Hardwicke's exultation—he never thought of the sacrifice of his daughter, not he—it would just put every thing straight, would save them all; it was the very best thing that could happen; or of Ellen's strong remonstrances, of her tearful protests, of her agony when she found all useless. The more Ellen showed her deep sisterly love, the more Blanche felt the good the money would do for Ellen, the more she resolved to secure Ellen's comfort, whatever happened to herself. Besides, before long, Blanche began to feel the advantages of wealth. How different every one was! the tradesmen so civil. The butcher—the dreaded butcher, who would have his bill settled by a certain day, or no more meat—now sending to ask if the young ladies would like some particularly nice veal he had; and hoping, if Mr. Stanton took a house in that part, as he had heard was likely, Miss Blanche would allow him to supply them.

It was pleasant to order new dresses, to choose carriages and horses, and read descriptions of large country houses, and know she might choose the nicest; and when Stanton was not present, she quite enjoyed all this. It must be confessed the latter was extremely liberal, and delicately liberal too; bent on making all the Hardwickes forget their obligations to him.

Of course mere admiration for Blanche's beauty had originally prompted Stanton's proposal; but as he saw more of his betrothed wife, there mingled with this love for the girl herself—the generous-hearted good-natured Blanche, so full of kind impulses, so tender of other people's feelings.

She *was* a nice woman, and her face was only one of many good points. Stanton was clever, with plenty of tact—tact that covers a multitude of sins. He strove hard to ingratiate himself—to a certain extent he succeeded. Blanche was too kind-hearted to remain untouched by all his efforts to please her, so gradually she grew to look upon him as we regard a rich parvenu uncle—often tiresome, but meaning so well that we put up with the irritating habits and odd ways for the sake of the kind feelings and generous gifts; and before the wedding-day Blanche, if not happy, was content.

They were married—a very quiet ceremony, by the bride's particular desire—and immediately afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stanton started on their road to Paris.

That day month Captain William Hume landed at Southampton from India.

IV.—BLANCHE'S HOME.

A large country house in Moorshire, built of warm red brick, forming three sides of a square, inclosing a paved court-yard on one side; on the other, a long straight façade, with two terraces, separated by lines of stone balustrades; below, smooth turf dotted with flower beds tier upon tier, sloping down to a broad shallow stream, the boundary on this side of a rough undulating park, stretching many a mile away. The present house had been built in the days of the Stuarts—old enough to be picturesque, not too old to be comfortable. Indeed, the only thing venerable about Brassil Court was its Norman gateway, the entrance to the court-yard on the north side; a gateway, under its covering of ivy, still massive and strong as in the days when it stood the fit protector of grand old Brassil Castle, when Sir Richard, lord of Brassil, was first favorite and chosen boon companion of cowardly, treacherous King John.

Ah, through what perils has not Brassil passed since then! fire and war, storm and siege; for it stands in the dear old north country, and on clear moonlight nights from that old gateway has issued many a stalwart trooper, bent on a foray over the wild Scotch border. Into how many hands must Brassil have passed before it was bought by Mr. Stanton, the rich money-lender, upon his marriage, some three months ago! and the old gateway stands yet, the sole memorial of ancient glories.

Under this gateway drove, one chill November evening, a young man, bound on a visit to the new owner of Brassil. It is cold work sitting in a dog-cart, with the damp mist curling around; but it was more than autumn fog that struck heavy and chill on Willie Hume's heart as he gazed at the noble pile of building, now warm and bright, with lights gleaming from every window, the beau-ideal of comfort and home. His gloomy thoughts betrayed themselves in one sentence, muttered between his teeth, "And she sold herself for this!"

Ah, not for this, Willie Hume; not to obtain this did the woman you love sell herself; but to escape from want, from poverty you have never known—poverty from which you made no effort to rescue her. Hard as you judge her now, she would have stood by you forever, had you said one word. True, you only waited till you could afford to marry; but how was she to know that? No; you left the woman you loved, and who loved you, to struggle against poverty; to struggle, not alone for herself, but for her family; left her "without one word." Can you wonder that when the temptation came, when she was offered the way to escape, to provide for herself, for her father, for the sister dearer than herself, she took it? took the hand that held out riches and comforts and luxuries, and married Stanton, the money-lender?

As Captain Hume jumped from the dog-cart, and, entering the house, proceeded, with the help of a footman, to divest himself of his great-coat, a tall man came through a side-door, saying,

"How are you, Captain Hume? We are very glad to see you. Any friend of my wife's is doubly welcome." And Willie Hume met for the first time Blanche Stanton's husband.

Before he could reply, his hand was grasped by an old friend, John Hardwicke, Blanche's cousin.

"Hullo, Hume! it's awfully jolly to see you again. Come along here, and have some brandy-and-water, before you go any farther. Some of us have been shooting, and are as cold as charity, so we are putting warmth inside, to prevent our catching cold, as the old nurses say. Come along."

As he spoke, Hardwicke drew his friend toward a half-open door, calling back, as he entered,

"I say, Stanton, if you're going to the drawing-room tell Blanche Hume's come, and if she'll come and mix my grog she'll see him, and shall have some too. Tell her so."

The two young men standing at the fire-place laughed, one of them exclaiming,

"We'll see if either of your inducements will bring Mrs. Stanton; hardly the grog, I imagine. You needn't bother to introduce us, Jack; I know it's Captain Hume, and he'll soon know my name's Featherstone." Then turning to the new-comer, added, "What will you have? here's sherry and claret and brandy; I should recommend the brandy. You must be awfully cold. We've been in half an hour, and I declare I feel that beastly fog still."

Meanwhile Stanton repaired to the drawing-room, where some dozen people, including Ellen Hardwicke and her father, were assembled, and jokingly delivered the message to his wife; adding that her cousin, with Lord Featherstone and Mr. Gwynne, had come in some time ago, and were in the gun-room, and now Captain Hume had joined them. Blanche answered, "I will go and see what they are doing;" and left the room. She did not go straight to the gun-room, though, but up to her own room, there walking up and down several times, trying to quiet her beating heart. She had determined to be a friend, a sister, to Willie, when she asked him to come to Brassil. This was a curious way of receiving a brother.

The young men in the gun-room were still talking of their afternoon's sport, when there was a rustle of silk, the door was pushed open, and there entered, first a white Pomeranian dog, then a lady, and following close a magnificent mastiff.

Mrs. Stanton was handsomer far than when we last saw her as Blanche Hardwicke; and now, with her beauty heightened by every advantage of dress and ornament, she looked as lovely a vision as can be seen in this world of ours.

The blue silk dress, with its long sweeping folds, puffed upper skirts, and body covered with white lace, set off the tall figure to the best advantage. It must have taken many minutes to arrange those golden tresses into that wonderful wilderness of plaits and curls. The whole effect was charming, so was the beaming smile, the musical voice.

"I have come to see what mischief you are all about."

Then arose a chorus of many voices, which served to drown the whispered words, "I am so glad, so glad you are come," that thrilled through Willie Hume, as Mrs. Stanton, with a deep blush, held out her hand. Hume held the hand a moment, looked in Blanche's face, his own growing deadly pale, then dropped the hand abruptly, and turned to the table.

Mrs. Stanton stooped to caress her dog, hiding her crimson face in the noble animal's thick coat. And so Blanche and Captain Hume met again.

V.—"AND, BEHOLD, IT WAS A DREAM."

"I can not, I will not; it is wicked and ungrateful, and I will not do it."

"Ungrateful to whom? to the money-lending snob you call husband? Much gratitude you owe to him;" and Captain Hume's voice sounded hard and scornful.

In a tiny octagon morning-room, filled with every luxury taste could desire or money purchase, sat Mrs. Stanton in a low chair near the fire; the exquisite hot-house flowers, Parian statuettes, and dainty appointments seeming but the fit surroundings of the stately figure and lovely face of her who sat there, the mistress of all; yet, despite beauty and position and boundless wealth, there was on Blanche Stanton's face an expression of pain and perplexity and utter misery, and she looked imploringly at Captain Hume as he stood before her, passionately urging his suit, while she repeated,

"I can not, I dare not; oh, Willie, don't ask me!"

"Blanche, my Blanche, my darling, listen to me. I will take such care of you; what is there to be afraid of? Come with me and be my wife."

"I can't; oh, you know I can never be that; it is too late," the regretful piteous voice repeated—"too late."

"It is not," Hume exclaimed. "Stanton will get a divorce—he is certain to; he must! and then we will go to India, and be so happy. If you care one bit about me, you can't, you won't refuse. Say yes, Blanche."

"Mr. Stanton wouldn't; I know he wouldn't," the wife replied; "and it couldn't make it a bit less wicked even if he did."

"Blanche, why did you ever marry him?" Hume asked, impatiently.

"I couldn't help myself—indeed I couldn't; you can't imagine the state we were in; and I didn't know you cared so for—" A sob choked her voice.

Hume stooped down, clasping his arm round her. "Never mind what is past, my darling; make it up to me now; you can if you like. We'll go to India, and never remember there was such a man as Stanton."

"It would be so ungrateful," she sobbed; "he has been very kind."

"Kind!" Hume repeated, scornfully. "I dare say he is kind. You mean he hasn't beaten or half killed you; as if one ill-used a valuable horse—and he bought you just like a horse; don't talk of gratitude to a man like that. You'll come with me, won't you?" and passionate kisses fell on her cheek and brow. For a moment she rested her head on his shoulder, then drew back, saying, hoarsely,

"I can not be so wicked; it is no use, Willie, I won't; I say I won't."

He started up angrily. "Blanche, what do you mean? Then I don't believe you care a rap about me; you think Stanton's money better worth having than my love. Well, I suppose you're right—all the world would say the same;" and a bitter sneer curled his lip. "A poor soldier's bungalow isn't to be compared to Brassil Court; what a fool I was to think Mrs. Stanton, who sold herself for money, would give it up for me!" Captain Hume turned moodily away.

This was more than Blanche could bear. She had resolved to do right, and struggled and battled with her love, with her passionate longing to do as he asked—to go with him far away, any where, so that she went with him. It was all in vain; vain the good resolutions, vain the hard-fought battle; these last words of Hume's stung her to the quick—for him to think she cared for wealth, for any thing more than him!

Blanche sprang from her seat, clasped both her hands round Willie's arm, her face crimson with excitement and passionate love, exclaiming, wildly,

"I don't care how wicked it is; I don't care for any thing! I'll go any where with you—to India, to the world's end, any where."

Deep sobs shook her whole frame as Hume clasped his arms round her with vehement thanks and protestations of affection; yet a cold chill struck to his careless irreverent heart, as a whisper in low awe-struck tones glided into his ear, "Ah, Willie, it isn't Brassil I shall lose for your sake, it's heaven!" And though he protested and argued, she repeated over and over again,

"I shall never go to heaven—I am too wicked; but oh, my darling, I had rather be lost with you than saved without you."

Hume hardly appreciated all this; his was a light careless nature, full of fiery evanescent passion, but incapable of deep or lasting feeling; the love he bore Blanche Hardwicke was decidedly the strongest passion of his nature. When, on returning from India to ask her to be his wife, he found her married to Stanton, his fierce anger, wounded love, and baffled passion knew no bounds, and he accepted Blanche's invitation to Brassil Court, savagely resolving to show how little he cared, to show how he despised the Stantons in general, and Blanche in particular; but when he saw her again, the very moment she held out her hand and welcomed him to Brassil, back came the old love with double force. He resolved, happen what might, he would win her back—win back the love he had always believed she felt for him, and him alone—the love that he was certain was his still; and ere Captain Hume had been three weeks at Brassil, he stood in Blanche's morning-room, and drew from her a promise to run away with him—to leave home and friends, to cast behind her the world's opinion, to abandon a doting husband, and, worse than all, every thought of goodness and purity and religion, every hope of heaven. Ah, Willie Hume exulted, and the devil and his angels shouted for joy, as that wicked promise was given; but holy guardian spirits wept and wailed, as Blanche Stanton shuddered as across her brain came a vision of awful judgment and just condemnation, and the horrors of that hell to which she was hurrying so fast.

When Blanche's agitation subsided, Hume began to talk of arrangements, and inquired when Mr. Stanton was expected back, the money-lender having gone the evening before to London on business.

Mrs. Stanton replied, "The day after to-morrow, in time for dinner."

"Then," resumed Hume, "we needn't leave Brassil till the same morning, that will give more time to make arrangements. We'll go to London by the early train, and on to Dover by the night express; we shall be in Paris the next morning in time for breakfast. So if Stanton should do such an idiotic thing as to try to follow, we shall be safe in Paris long before he can get even to Dover. I'll run up to town to-night, and be down again at Farchester to-morrow, and sleep at 'The George;' and so meet you at the station next morning. I'll send a telegram in Stanton's name to ask you to meet him in London the next day, so it will make no row when you drive to the Farchester station. Shall you take your maid? Unless you're particularly fond of her, don't; I'll get you a fresh one, and she shall meet us in town. And"—here Hume's face crimsoned, and he dropped his voice—"I say, my pet, don't bring a whole heap of things; don't take any thing of Stanton's—that he has given you, I mean—jewels or any thing of that kind. I'll give you whatever you like; but I should hate to see you wear any thing of his." Before she could reply he went on hurriedly, "There, I think that's all; now I must go;" he stooped down, putting his arm round her. "Good-by, my darling; farewell for the last time. We shall never have to part again after Thursday. Good-by." He walked to the door, closed it softly after him, and Blanche heard his firm step echoing along the corridor.

Mrs. Stanton joined her guests at luncheon, and though she said she had a headache and her eyes looked red, she was as amusing and brilliant as ever. Not one of the numerous party could divine what wild, miserable, sinful thoughts were chasing each other through the brain of the hostess, who seemed so happy and gay and agreeable, such a capital mistress of the house, so kind and thoughtful for her guests. Yes, all through that day Blanche went about as usual; never till she wished the last of the party good-night at the foot of the great staircase did she give herself one moment for rest or thought. But that night, as Blanche Stanton lay in her bed, she dreamed a gruesome dream.

Blanche and Willie Hume walked side by side. They came to a steep mountain, and climbed up and up till they stood on the topmost crag; below them stretched two plains—one a vast expanse of sandy waste, with not a single living moving creature on it; the other, a green verdant meadow peopled with thousands and thousands of bright beautiful angels, and upward came strains of exquisite melody and myriads of voices praising and blessing their Creator. A steep path of rocky steps led from the crag to the bright plain below. Blanche in her dream strove to descend, but at each step the path crumbled before her. As she cried for help, from the blessed multitude below flew a bright beautiful angel with hands outstretched; from Blanche's side sprang her companion, and it was no longer Willie Hume, but a wild awful shape, yet wearing on the distorted demon face a hideous likeness to Willie; the figure stood between Blanche and the angel, waving its arms wildly, and the angel of help stopped, and the path crumbled more and more till there were hardly any steps left. Suddenly the sandy plain below burst asunder, and from the midst came hundreds of fearful shapes, wild and fantastic, with great heavy leather wings and women's faces, and the stamp of indescribable agony and endless torment on each awful face; from the heavens above came a dazzling flash of lightning, and in the midst of the rolling thunder sounded a solemn voice, "Behold the sinful and the lost—thy companions; depart to join them!" The demon form at Blanche's side seized her, and strove madly to drag her down, while the awful creatures below flew upward, and stretched out their skinny arms, and clapped their hands, and screamed and shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" and with a cry of agony and unutterable terror Blanche awoke. The day was just beginning to dawn; a few faint streaks of light glided in through the closed curtains as Blanche knelt by the bedside, burying her terror-stricken face in her clasped hands, praying to escape the awful doom that awaits deeds such as she had promised to perform.

Long and earnestly she prayed; prayed to be forgiven the sinful intention, prayed for strength to resist, for power to do right; and such prayers are never in vain. Before she rose from her knees, comforted for the past, resolved, whatever might happen, to do right in the future, one bright ray of light, the first beam of the rising sun, glided into the room, and, resting on the bowed head, touched lovingly the golden hair, and spoke of pardon and love and a happy eternity.

VI.—CAPTAIN HUME'S WIFE.

The next evening, when Captain Hume, thoroughly satisfied with his day's work in London, and congratulating himself on his capital plans, and the completeness of the arrangements he had made, alighted at the George Hotel, Farchester, a note was put into his hand. He glanced at the direction, saw it was in Blanche's handwriting, and quietly putting it in his pocket, proceeded to order dinner, and a bed for the night; then walking into the coffee-room, stood in front of the fire and tore open the envelope, apparently unconscious of a clergyman reading the *Times* in a distant corner—a quiet-looking old gentleman, who started and dropped his paper at the savage oath that burst from Captain Hume's lips as he took in the purport of the letter. The rustle of the falling paper attracted Hume's attention; he looked angrily in the direction of the noise, then, noting the startled expression in the old man's face, turned impatiently on his heel and reread Mrs. Stanton's epistle. A mere note; yet the few short,